Why the US Can't Count on Bani-Sadr

Robert Heilbroner on Dialectics • Edward Hoagland on Africa in the 1980s

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
March 1, 1980

Brandt's Message

Willy Brandt had just talked to Chancellor Schmidt by telephone. It was breakfast time in Washington but early afternoon in Germany. In an hour the 1971 Nobel Peace Prize winner would be taking his new book with its disturbing statistics over to the White House. Willy would see Jimmy. (Chancellor Schmidt will be over here himself, incidentally, March 4-6, and will doubtless discuss Afghanistan and Western solidarity.) In the meantime we looked at Brandt. What a face for caricature! Big jaw, high cheek bones, wonderful grin, dimples; he exudes political personality. He hasn't much more of an accent than Henry Kissinger. He would sweep the New Hampshire primary, I think, if he were a candidate.

As we sat there eating hotel scrambled eggs it was hard to remember about those one billion people on Planet Earth who are hungry or near starvation. Or the Brandt statistic that the World Health Organization could probably abolish malaria around the globe for $450 million, but is short of funds. Meanwhile the world's annual military spending is about $450 billion. One one-thousandth of the arms cost and, pfft—no more malaria! Too bad the WHO can't get it.

Brandt's book is the kind of detailed global report that a Martian spy would love about the present condition of Planet Earth. Several years ago World Bank president Robert McNamara asked Brandt to head a commission of 17 luminaries to study the relationship of the industrialized nations and the developing countries. Its 300 pages are pretty dull, per se, like safety directions on a bundle of dynamite sticks. It is called *North-South: A Program for Survival*, and is sold by the MIT Press in paperback for $4.95. It is positive in tone. It presents the problems and then follows right up with what to do about them: a summit of 25 world leaders to discuss the problems, for example; a new World Development Fund; the expenditure of a lot more money on aid programs (an idea which Congress will promptly pigeonhole).

This is a somber discussion by no-nonsense realists with a mood that fits the present anxiety in Washington very well; it is the kind of atmosphere that existed before World War II. Up and doing! the report constantly exhorts; let us be up and doing! But there the intractable problem is, the so-called "North" (including Eastern Europe) with a quarter of the world's population and three-fourths of its income; the North with over 90 percent of the world's manufacturing industry; the United States, as one example, with six percent of the world's population and using a third of its energy. World population is growing all the time; less rapidly than it did but with a million new people added every five days. Most of them are born in the hungry, underdeveloped, angry, jealous third world. (Example of the report's style: "Whether the nightmarish vision of a hopelessly overcrowded planet in the next century can be averted depends gravely on what is done now to hasten the stabilization of population.")

Meanwhile Congress is about to go through its annual battle over the administration's foreign aid bill. The United States instituted the Marshall Plan in 1947, an inspiring chapter, with contributions amounting to two percent or more of gross national product. It saved Europe. Since that time the US and 16 industrialized countries have formed the Development Assistance Committee with the goal of giving a certain percentage of their GNP every year in foreign aid. The United States does not meet the quota: its percentage has been slipping in proportion to wealth; it is 13th among the 17 countries. It gives about one-quarter of one percent of GNP (0.27 percent); Norway and Sweden give 0.90 percent; the Netherlands 0.82 percent, Denmark 0.75 percent, and so on down to Italy, which gives 0.07 percent. Says Brandt, in the introduction of the study: "I do not believe that the American people could be indifferent to poverty and starvation anywhere in the world. . . . Yet the US, which in the early 1960s was a leader in this field, has substantially reduced its international development efforts. As a proportion of its GNP its foreign aid has dropped to a very low level."

This is folly for the United States on two counts. We are suddenly reminded in the case of Pakistan and Afghanistan how important emerging countries are to us. We are the richest nation and we are vulnerable to the jealousy and rancor of poorer countries who are the center of unrest and communist appeal. We help ourselves if we help them. Secondly, the United States needs trade. A third of American exports go to Less Developed Countries (LCDs). Over a million US jobs depend on such exports. Every third acre in America today produces food for export. It is hard when Americans are unemployed not to demand tariff barriers, and Congress shows signs of drifting toward protectionism—in shoes, textiles, and perhaps autos. But in the interdependent world it is impossible to sell goods to countries too poor to buy. The Brandt commission goes into the economics of it and the problem is stressed by Douglas Bennet, administrator of the Agency for International Development (AID). The LDCs currently owe big sums to Western commercial banks, he notes. Can they pay? Nobody knows. LDC debt was $58 billion in 1970; $370 billion today. Interest payments currently take 12 percent of LDC export income. It is touch and go whether a dozen LDCs can meet their debts.

That's the story Willy Brandt gave us at breakfast. That's the story I am sure he took to the White House. He referred three times to Europe's yearning for the SALT treaty: the treaty that 34 senators can block, whose delay had to do with the present crisis with Russia. The Brandt report is determinedly hopeful. Yes, "immense risks are threatening mankind," but there are obvious solutions for determined leaders. Having said this the Commission adds: "Prospects for the future are alarming. At the beginning of the 1980s the world community faces much greater dangers than at any time since the Second World War."

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Correspondence

Ominous truculence

To the editors:

All that is clear in Senator Moynihan's outburst ("A New American Foreign Policy," *TNR*, February 9, 1980) is the mood of truculence. Does he really propose that young Americans be sent to fight the Soviets or their proxies in Angola, Ethiopia, the Western Sahara, Cambodia, and Afghanistan? Does he really intend that the US prepare to go to war to oppose a Soviet takeover of Persian Gulf oil fields? What sort of war does he contemplate: a nuclear convulsion, destroying civilization and almost certainly human life itself, to contest control of an energy resource that may last 25 to 50 years? Or is the senator proposing that our young people wage a conventional conflict more terrible than World War II to decide who will guzzle the oil? What does he estimate as the cost of "the arms capable of doing so?" What has happened to my favorite publication, that it will waste five pages to publish an incantation so vague and dangerous?

Charles Frink
New London, Connecticut

Government-funded snooping

To the editors:

The article by Lynn A. Curtis on violent crime in America ("What's New in Murder," *TNR*, January 26, 1980) reflects some very dubious assumptions about current crime-prevention programs. While I tend to agree with Mr. Curtis about the economic roots of crime and the need for gun control, I don't share his enthusiasm for "police teams specializing in domestic quarrels and family crisis intervention."

He passes over the obvious point that there are families in crisis who have no desire for intervention by anyone. And yet the increasing cooperation of police and social service or psychiatric agencies in the US has created a machinery of intervention that can and does operate without the consent of the parties concerned. It doesn't take much to "discover the possibility of future violence" (it's there in all of us), and when Mr. Curtis speaks vaguely of "actions that prevent it" he is really talking about surveillance.

The fact is that these LEAA-sponsored "reforms" in criminal justice currently are being used to disrupt the private lives of people considered anti-social by government officials. I know of one case in which a countercultural marriage of long standing was broken up, and the husband harassed at length, because he had written an erotic novel that satirized the intelligence community. Crime-prevention units composed of former military personnel were told that the writer was a sexual deviant who abused his wife. Rumor and retribution evidently have been the driving force in other "interventions" as well.

In theory, perhaps, the new alliance of police and crisis networks isn't supposed to work this way. In practice, all liberal pretensions go by the boards. Far from being a step forward in fighting crime, it is a big step-up in government-funded snooping and conformism.

Burns Raushenbush
Sarasota, Florida

Slapstick

To the editors:

Although I must confess that I enjoyed your photographic commentary on the State of the Union (cover and "Busy, Busy, Busy," *TNR*, February 2, 1980), I cannot but feel you chose the wrong slapstick. The State of the Union address summoned to mind less Keaton than the Marx Brothers, specifically the big production number in *Duck Soup* where Rufus T. Firefly (Groucho/Jimmy) leads the Freedonian chorus (the House and the Senate) in a rousing rendition of "To War, To War, To War we're going to go," with Congress returning the answering chorus of "a hie dee, hie dee, hie dee, hie dee, hie dee, hie dee ho" and a couple of Nunny Nunnys and Hotcha chas.

Edward B. Furey Jr.
Oakdale, New York

Sense and sensibility on sewage

To the editors:

Our problem is not energy but an overly-developed aesthetic sense that immobilizes us. Let me explain: my husband and I bought a piece of property that was principally water. The tiny spot of land upon which the cottage stood would not support a septic system. A "closed" system was our only recourse. We decided to purchase a stainless steel and plastic toilet that needed to be hooked up to electricity as well as gas. The slightly raised toilet seat came down to rest on top of the drum-like container when in use. And when the user stood up, the seat rose again, setting off an electric spark that ignited the gas at the bottom of the container, burning up the residue.

The fumes rose through specially purchased stainless steel concentric ducts into the air over the cottage. Heavier than the surrounding atmosphere, this gas slowly settled on the cottage and seeped into the tiny rooms. Almost suffocated, we grabbed towels, pressed them into our faces, and ran outdoors to find a bit of uncontaminated air. We cleaned the commode of its few demonstrations, and insisted upon a refund.

It was only later that we discovered that we had been producing at the top of our stack pure methane gas, suitable for running our car, heating our home, or cooking our food . . . except for the aesthetics of the problem.

New Jersey and New York with their fantastic sewage problems could be running all the state and county machinery with pure methane gas, and solve the resistant pollution problem at the same time . . . except for the aesthetics of the matter.

Last year, Narragansett Bay was a cesspool for weeks while the sewage system was being repaired. We buttonholed a legislator and told him this story, and he laughed with delight at the naiveté of people who would suggest a solution that would so offend the delicate sensibilities of our population. He almost had us convinced that people would prefer to swim in water polluted with thousands of tons of raw sewage, just so that they could preserve their delicate sensibilities and not have to discuss such a coarse alternative as a solution.

There must be someone who could come up with the necessary know-how to make this a workable solution. Anybody for trying?

Annette Thornhill
Southbury, Connecticut

Floating sentiments

To the editors:

Discussing the state of the language, Paul Robinson observes ("Lost Causes," *TNR*, January 26, 1980) that discrediting "the floating 'hopefully' (meaning 'I hope' rather than its proper significance of 'in a hopeful manner')" is a "lost cause." It probably is a lost cause, but the

(continued on page 40)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 1, 1980

The Other Anti-Semitism

The FBI wanted a symbol of great wealth, corruption, greed, and cunning to see if politicians could be enticed into sin. It's not surprising that agents came up with a mythical "Arab sheik" named "Kambir Abdul Rahman," nor that a few legislators easily were convinced that Mephistopheles had chosen this modern guise. But it's an unattractive reflection on our society that a resort to crude stereotypes should be so acceptable and so effective at the upper reaches of the government. As Arab-American groups rightly have pointed out, what if the operation had been called JEWSCAM?

Four usually incompatible sources of prejudice have conspired against the public image of Arabs in recent years. First is jealousy of the rich and resentment of those who have power over you. Both these conditions were created by the OPEC oil gouge, beginning in 1973, and OPEC is associated in the public mind with Arabs. Second is a malignant outgrowth of political hostility. The friends of Israel correctly see the Arab governments and people as overwhelmingly unfriendly, which is not the best circumstance for ethnic tolerance and understanding. Third is the traditional Western prejudice against "wogs," that all-purpose British imperialist term for people with darker skins, strange languages, unfamiliar habits, and spicy foods. Finally, Arabs coming into contact with the West have met the same widely held stereotypes about "Semites" that have victimized Jews for centuries: that they are grasping, devious, and so on.

Of course rational argument, almost by definition, is not a very effective weapon against racial prejudice. Nevertheless, take the first point, OPEC. Two of the three largest OPEC producers (Iran and Venezuela), and three out of the top five (those two plus Nigeria), are *not* Arab countries. The non-Arab members of OPEC are, by and large, just as ruthless and just as eager to exploit their advantageous position as the Arab governments. Of the five largest oil-producing nations, only *one* (Saudi Arabia) is Arab. There are many oil producers who aren't in OPEC but who nevertheless are happy to share in its booty and anxious for the squeeze to continue. These include nice white people in places like England, Canada, and Texas. By contrast only the tiniest fraction of Arabs has anything to do with OPEC, or gets the slightest benefit from the cartel's existence. Most citizens of Arab countries are as poor and as oppressed as they always have been. The world's Arab population also includes more than one million Americans of Arab descent, who are as victimized by OPEC as other citizens of oil-importing countries.

It's easy to sound naive and prissy when inveighing against ethnic prejudice. Prejudice involves crude generalities about groups of people applied venemously or thoughtlessly to individual members of those groups. Reasonableness requires some legitimate, though tricky, distinctions between prejudice and other things. There is a difference between hostility, which may be justified, and prejudice, which is not. Disliking the government of Libya, or even an individual who

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endorses its views and actions, is not proof of anti-Arab prejudices. Second, there is a difference between valid cultural generalities and ugly racial stereotypes. It's self-defeating to claim that all general statements about common patterns within ethnic cultures are racist. Stereotypes usually are grotesque exaggerations of such generalities, applied as though they were natural law. It's the difference between observing that a variety of social pressures have led Jews to choose financial careers more often than members of other ethnic groups, and saying that all Jews love money. Finally, there's a difference between some forms of ethnic humor and genuine prejudice. There must be room for relishing ethnic and national differences—even for laughing over inaccurate or exaggerated clichés—in the spectrum between somber rectitude and outright racial prejudice.

However fuzzy the line between prejudice and legitimate comment, it's clear that revealed attitudes about Arabs these days grotesquely exceed the bounds of what ought to be considered respectable. Political cartoons routinely use hideous-looking sheiks pointing gas pumps like pistols to symbolize OPEC, or waving around piles of dollars to suggest that foreigners are buying up this country (when in fact Arabs account for just three percent of foreign investment in the US). This might just barely count as fair political comment (there are, after all, a few real sheiks involved in OPEC), but the same popular clichés have crept into non-political cartoons. Brenda Starr recently was bought by an oil sheik and made a part of his "harem." Dennis the Menace complained to his parents that a friend's family was having meatloaf for Thanksgiving because "Some Arab is eating their Thanksgiving turkey." Television scripts routinely contain "Kambir Abdul Rahman" types: filthy rich sheiks with multiple wives, bizarre religious practices, execrable taste, and evil designs, usually involving some combination of terrorism, white women, and Hollywood's notion of Islamic justice. They are usually ugly and stupid as well.

The effect of such widespread ingrained attitudes on Arabs living in this country, both citizens and others, is not all that subtle. A recent small news story offers a good example. The story, reported much the same way in the *Wall Street Journal* and on National Public Radio, concerns an Agriculture Department investigation of food-stamp fraud. The suspects are all owners of small grocery stores, and most of them are Arab-Americans. They are accused, in essence, of setting up a network to "launder" stolen food stamps by buying them at a discount, then cashing them in at full value as if used for food purchases in their stores. This is a plausible enough story, but from it unidentified "agents" and the reporters themselves weave a different plot: Arabs have been buying up little grocery stores for the *purpose* of ripping off the food-stamp program in order to raise money for the PLO. The *Journal* story concedes, deep into the article, that there is "no evidence of any conspiracy to milk the food-stamp program for political purposes overseas," but nevertheless reports "recurring rumors" and (way up in the story) "lingering suspicions" by "at least one enforcement agency" (does "at least one" mean one?) "that the rings operating these stores are funneling part of the profits to the Palestine Liberation Organization." Government investigators, and apparently the *Wall Street Journal*, find it suspicious that an emerging ethnic group, with a tradition of hard work, mutual aid, and self-sufficiency, would find running local grocery stores an amenable occupation. According to the *Journal*:

> One undercover man describes the wholesale takeover of small food stores in the San Francisco bay area:
>
> 'It's a hell of a thing to watch, over a period of time,' this agent says. 'First you'd see one Arab and then you'd look around and you'd see another Arab in the store who had just come here. Pretty soon, the first Arab gets to speak pretty good English and he moves out, leaving the second Arab to run the store. And pretty soon he's got another Arab in there who doesn't speak English very well, which is suggestive of the fact that he's an even newer immigrant. And this process goes on and on, like a daisy chain.'

This is the story of what made our country great.

As our readers know, this journal defers to no one in its lack of enthusiasm for Palestinian nationalism. We

drawing by Mike Peters

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have been highly critical of Arab governments, both the "radical" and "conservative" varieties, and we anticipate plenty more such criticism in the future. We reject the view, advanced in recent books such as Edward Said's *Orientalism* and G. H. Jansen's *Militant Islam*, that any Western lack of sympathy for the Arab world is the result of cultural prejudice rather than principled disagreement with Arab politics. Furthermore, our own disagreement is not solely with Arab political leaders. We see no sign of a genuine change of heart about the Jewish state among the great masses of Arab people, including some Arab-Americans. All of this leaves *The New Republic* in an especially good position to point out that Arabs have been the victims of ugly racial stereotyping in recent years; that the standards of what is considered respectable in portraying or commenting upon ethnic or national groups apply to Arabs as well as to any others; and that the widespread casual violation of such standards threatens all potential victims of racial slurs. It ought to stop.

White House Watch

Going After Miller

If Jimmy Carter had been asked at his press conference on February 13 whether he intended to ask Secretary of the Treasury G. William Miller to resign, he would have answered "No." It was the reply he'd given a reporter after the Securities and Exchange Commission filed in a federal court a complaint of foreign bribery and other questionable behavior by a big company that Miller ran for 18 years before Carter nominated him to be member and chairman of the Federal Reserve Board in 1978 and secretary of the Treasury in 1979. The President's "No" to the reporter stands at this writing on February 20 as his lone public comment on findings and allegations that have caused Miller's relentless critic, Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, and four Republican members of the Senate Judiciary Committee to stop just short of charging the secretary with perjury at his confirmation hearing. Proxmire and the Republicans have demanded that Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti request the appointment of a special prosecutor.

This reporter is told that if Carter had been asked at the press conference whether he still had full confidence in his secretary of Treasury, the President would have hedged. He'd have said that he was pleased with Miller's performance in office at FRB and the Treasury, but in the circumstances would leave any further judgment to the attorney general and, if need be, to the courts. Carter and his people have not forgotten the burning experience with his Georgia friend and adviser, former budget director Bert Lance, who is on trial on numerous charges of federal banking violations. The President is not about to say again in like circumstances about anybody else what he said to Lance at what was supposed to be a public exoneration in 1978—"Bert, I'm proud of you." Carter must groan at times that he might as well say it. *New York Times* columnist William Safire, a Nixon staff apologist who quit when the Watergate scandal was bursting in 1973 and seems determined to prove that this administration can produce crooks, too, recently headed a Miller column, "Bill—I'm proud of you," something that Carter had neither said nor intimated. The *Times* soon followed with a lead editorial saying that the Department of Justice is unfit to judge whether Miller perjured himself under oath and that only a special prosecutor can make a believable finding that a court trial is or is not warranted.

Senator Proxmire never tires of reminding the media that he and the staff of his Senate banking committee set off the SEC and Treasury investigations of Miller and his former company, Textron, when Miller came up for his FRB confirmation hearings in January and February 1978. Proxmire and the staff had heard that the biggest of Textron's 26 subsidiaries, Bell Helicopter, had paid bribes for chopper sales to officials and stooges of officials in Iran and several other countries. Nine other Textron subsidiaries were also caught at bribing. We'll get to that stinky mess. Here we stay with Proxmire and some of his comments at a hearing last February 8 and in a letter to the attorney general.

The filing of the SEC complaint, a supporting staff report, Textron's consent to court judgments based on the complaint "without admitting or denying any of the allegations in the complaint," and a press conference held by Miller on February 1 caused Proxmire to summon Miller to a banking committee hearing. "Let me say first and most emphatically," Proxmire said in his opening statement, "that nothing in the record—not the investigation by the committee itself, and it was a thorough investigation; not the staff investigation by the SEC, not the investigation by the independent directors of Textron [a belated internal inquiry that turned up improper foreign payments totalling $864,000]—has uncovered any testimony or document linking Secretary Miller to any foreign bribe or the destruction of any record or any other improper activity relating to foreign bribes."

Proxmire had the grace to state the obvious question: "What then is there for the committee to investigate?" His answer had to do with those bribes, and particularly with $2.9 million in bribes or hidden commissions paid in part to Iranian officials including the late General Khatami, commander of the Iranian Air Force and a brother-in-law of the shah of Iran. Khatami died in 1975. "The committee needs to seek from Mr. Miller," Proxmire said, "his explanation of how he as president of Textron . . . and chairman of the board . . . failed to know about and prevent [improper] payments by the

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corporation he headed which totalled at least $5.4 million. . . ." Proxmire said the committee "needed to know" much more, but the foregoing was the gut of it. He and the committee got some answers which he characterized in a letter to Attorney General Civiletti. The Proxmire characterizations must be compared with relevant Miller testimony, a prodigious task which is attempted here only in the barest representative gist.

Proxmire: "In his testimony before this committee in 1978, Mr. Miller repeatedly denied that Textron engaged in the bribery of foreign government officials. . . . Based upon the complaint of the Securities and Exchange Commission and its staff report and Mr. Miller's own admissions under oath, it appears clear that Mr. Miller's testimony before this committee in 1978 was false and misleading. Further, there is every good objective reason to believe that Mr. Miller knew his testimony before this committee in 1978 was false and misleading. Secretary Miller, therefore, may have committed perjury before this committee in 1978."

From a colloquy at the 1978 confirmation hearings with Senator Heinz of Pennsylvania: "Mr. Miller, Textron has paid millions of dollars to its former agents in Iran. Have you ever been told of, or have you ever made efforts to ascertain, whether or not . . . any of the money has been used to make payments directly to any Iranian official?"

Miller: "Senator, we . . . get signed statements from something over 1000 of our key employees every year, certifying that they know of no such payments of any kind. Our inquiries . . . have disclosed no such transactions."

There were such transactions. The SEC staff report documented some of them in detail. The report certainly was not framed to shield Miller. It didn't say or establish that he knew of bribery. Textron and Bell executives who reported to him, a few often and most of them indirectly and infrequently, knew of such transactions. Most of the deals were improper but not illegal at the time in the early 1970s. Miller never testified in the 1978 testimony cited by Proxmire that such things had not happened. He testified that he didn't know and that nobody told him that they happened. It wasn't noble or flattering to him, but on its face it wasn't perjury.

From 1972 on Miller littered the Textron files with admonitions to his executives to be honest in all things, foreign sales in particular. These missives are signed "Bill" in longhand, an odd side of a man who was known in business and is known now in government for his cold remoteness from his most senior associates. There are indications in the SEC staff study that many of these sermonettes never reached the working stiffs and that some of the seniors who were reached thought him a moralistic sap from whom reality should be hidden. It evidently was.

At his press conference and at the Proxmire hearing on February 8, Miller was reduced, not to incrimination, but to what must have been worse for so proud a person—admission of failure and of ignorance for which he could not forgive himself. At his press conference he was for the most part his usual rather confident self: "The report . . . confirmed . . . that I was not personally involved in any way, directly or indirectly, with any illegal payments. . . ." The report confirmed no such thing; it simply didn't prove the opposite. Even then, though, Miller showed some contrition. At 1976 and 1977 stockholders meetings, he'd said that "I was not aware of any such payments. . . . It turns out that I was incorrect. . . . I regret that I was incorrect, and I have to take full responsibility for not being informed." At the Proxmire hearing: "My statements [in 1978] were made in good faith. . . . The investigations have disclosed that there were improper payments . . . and I very much regret that my personal efforts [to prevent them] fell short."

One phase of the current allegations is so old, so silly, so revealing of Proxmire's animus against Miller that it gets the briefest shrift here. It has to do with Textron and affiliates spending $600,000 entertaining Defense Department and military officials over some 10 years. Proxmire inquired into Textron's and some 40 other defense producers' entertainment practices in 1975 and 1976 and published a voluminous report about it in 1976. In Textron's case the evidence supports the assertion that it involved only meals, never in a single instance exceeded $100 in cost, and that the overall cost was excluded from Textron's claims for government payment or tax deductions.

The Proxmire and associated Republican demands for a special prosecutor may or may not trigger the mischievous Special Prosecutor chapter of the Ethics in Government Act of 1978. Whether they do so depends on the courage and wisdom of Attorney General Civiletti. At an Appropriations Committee hearing on February 11, Civiletti told Senator Weicker of Connecticut that, so far, neither the Justice Department investigation that also was set in motion by Proxmire's 1978 complaints nor the latest SEC proceeding "had indicated the predicate for a special inquiry under the special prosecutor act." On the 20th Civiletti was preparing a further reply to Promire. The law requires that he explain to the Republican complainants and to a special court division why he does or does not ask the court to appoint a special prosecutor. Civiletti and the department's criminal division should be able to dispose of the business without such complications and

Coming:

Tad Szulc on Yugoslavia.

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interventions. Some day, given a period of freedom from demands for special prosecutors, the Carter administration may swallow its early applause for the ethics act and ask Congress to amend it.

John Osborne

In New Hampshire, our man predicts . . .

Bush by Six, Carter by 20

Manchester, New Hampshire

To get to the bottom line right at the top, I think George Bush will beat Ronald Reagan in New Hampshire next Tuesday by a little and that Jimmy Carter will beat Edward Kennedy by a lot. New Hampshire Republicans are not quite sure where Bush stands on all the issues, but he has managed to convince them that he is classy, clean, and capable. His come-from-nowhere political successes in Iowa and Puerto Rico make him seem a fresh new face, while Ronald Reagan is coming on as a scratchy rerun of his 1976 act. Reagan can still get blood running through the hardening arteries of his most loyal supporters, but he has not been able to expand his appeal beyond that old base. Voters of both parties are preoccupied with foreign affairs, which on the Republican side benefits Bush, the former CIA director, UN ambassador, and China envoy, and on the Democratic side makes Carter practically invincible. Kennedy nearly caught Carter in the Maine caucuses, but now that an Iran hostage release seems nearly at hand, voters do not want to rattle the man whose hand is at the helm. And they do not appreciate Kennedy's attempts to rattle him.

There is one major caveat to my prediction about Bush and Reagan. A time bomb is ticking on the shiny (but thin) hull of the Bush campaign. It may prove a dud and never go off, or it may explode before next Tuesday and send Bush back to the bottom. The bomb is "Bushgate," as it is called on the fiery front page of the pro-Reagan *Manchester Union Leader*—the allegation that Bush's 1970 Texas Senate campaign failed to report $62,500 in contributions, mostly cash, from the so-called "Townhouse" fund operated by President Nixon to benefit political friends and place them ever in his debt. Bush has claimed that the story is partly old news and has issued a blanket denial of wrongdoing about what is new, but Reagan forces in New Hampshire are itching to make "Bushgate" the last-minute talk of the state. So far they have not succeeded, but that may change. If it does, it could create enough doubts about Bush's cleanliness to produce a Reagan victory.

It's not news that the 1970 Bush campaign received funds from Nixon's "Townhouse Operation." This was covered in Senate confirmation hearings when Bush was appointed to head the CIA. Former Watergate special prosecutor Leon Jaworski, now a Bush supporter, has said his staff investigated the case in 1974 and cleared Bush of any federal violations. However, the *Los Angeles Times* uncovered old Watergate memos indicating that the amount of the contribution was $106,000. Checking election records in Texas, *Times* reporters could find no indication that receipt of $62,500 of the money was reported. If it was not, this might be a violation of Texas campaign law. Bush has insisted that all funds his campaign received must have been reported and were reported, so far as he knows, but he has refused to get into details about the issue.

Up here in New Hampshire, the *Concord Monitor*, a respected paper, printed the original story from the *LA Times*, but has not pursued it. The *Boston Globe*, widely circulated in southern New Hampshire, also carried a *Washington Post* story quoting one of the former Townhouse slush dispensers as saying he gave $6000 in cash to Bush himself—but also as saying his recollection of the event is too dim for him to testify about it in court. Bush denied receiving that money. That is the limit of the dependable coverage of "Bushgate."

However, the *Union Leader* has gone all out with the story, in the inimitably raucus style of its publisher, William Loeb. One day's front-page Loeb editorial demanded to know (in red ink): "When're You Going to Come Clean, George?" and charged that Bush was "attempting to brazen his way out of the Watergate-like scandal of the secret slush fund of $106,000 he received from Richard Nixon." As New Hampshire's only statewide newspaper, the *Union Leader* has influence, but voters also are so accustomed to Loeb's harangues that they require further validation of what he alleges to be "scandal." That validation has not come, especially from the television networks, which have yet to mention the story, though it is more important than Reagan's little ethnic joke, which the media have inflated into a major issue. Reagan's state campaign manager, Gerald Carmen, is beside himself that no one will take a cudgel to Bush. He has tried and failed to persuade Reagan himself to raise "Bushgate" in public or to authorize his campaign staff to raise it with reporters. So far, Reagan is resolute in his adherence to the Republican 11th Commandment—"Thou shalt not speak ill of any fellow Republican"—and so the issue sits. But it is ticking.

"Bushgate" is only one of the hammers that Loeb has been using on Bush in Reagan's behalf. Another is Bush's former membership in the Trilateral Commission, which to Loeb means that Bush is "an out-and-out liberal . . . the candidate of David Rockefeller." Loeb has tried to make it seem nefarious that Bush has support from a number of former CIA agents, and last week he neared the ultimate charge with a story shouting "Bush 'Soft' on Soviet Goals." Bush has encountered some questioning on his trilateral connec-

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tion, but otherwise none of Loeb's missiles has hurt. Rival candidates have been reasonably tame with Bush. Howard Baker has alluded to Bush's two defeats in Texas Senate contests to prove that he, Baker, is more electable. Baker also has disagreed with Bush's approval of Gerald Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon. Managers of Reagan, Baker, and other Republicans claim Bush is hiding from issues, making himself out to be a moderate and a conservative at the same time. But if Bush is vulnerable on any of these points, he is so far unharmed. He has been going merrily from huge rally to huge rally, preaching a message of optimism and faith in America's future, and declaring himself the man best qualified for the challenges of the 1980s.

Reagan, meanwhile, clearly has learned lessons from his loss to Bush in Iowa. He has been campaigning hard around the state. He answers questions from the audience at his rallies and agreed to participate in two debates—all of which he failed to do in Iowa. Reagan also has shed the image of the moderate, pragmatic Republican that failed him in Iowa and has returned to the hardline themes that made him famous. He is even back to telling the 1976 story of the Chicago welfare "queen" who received checks under 127 different names. He promises to turn billions of dollars worth of federal programs back to the states—though this year he is remembering not to say how many billions. Reagan also is concentrating again on his record as governor of California to demonstrate he is qualified to be president, and he is claiming that overseas missions he undertook for presidents Nixon and Ford make him more qualified than Bush in foreign affairs.

Reagan's crowds generally are large and enthusiastic, but it is hard to find in them anyone who supported President Ford in 1976 and now is switching to Reagan. Ford beat Reagan by just 1500 votes in 1976, and Reagan's 48.9 percent showing then would be enough to win this year if he could hold it. But polls and Reagan's own managers indicate that even the old hard core is slipping away, either to fellow conservative Phil Crane or to Bush. One big reason, according to people in campaign audiences, is Reagan's age, which especially seems to raise doubts about his stamina among older voters. In his attempt to fire up his core supporters, Reagan has advocated a blockade of Cuba as a response to the Afghanistan invasion and has implied that, if he were president, the US would have freed the hostages in Iran by force. With Jimmy Carter winning points for handling Afghanistan and Iran in a cool way, Reagan's bellicose talk is unlikely to attract support from voters who value military strength but still fear war.

Reagan also is suffering from the failure of Howard Baker's campaign to make a dent in Bush's support. Baker has made a commitment in time and money to New Hampshire, which he failed to do in Iowa, but he is stymied again by the fact that Bush was trooping the state months ago, gathering up the volunteer workers who make a campaign succeed. Political experts say Baker is running a close race with John Anderson for third place in the Republican contest, with each of them likely to pull around 10 percent of the vote. Interviews with voters indicate there are still many people undecided between Bush and Baker, but they tend to lean to Bush because he seems to have the better chance of winning. Campaign workers for Edward Kennedy say their phoning indicates that many of New Hampshire's 150,000 registered independent voters will choose to vote in the Republican primary this year, and will cast their ballots for Bush.

Among the Democrats, meanwhile, Kennedy workers say that the "800-pound gorilla" that sat on the Kennedy campaign in Iowa—the Iran-Afghanistan crisis mentality that diverted voters from their domestic woes—is back to stalk Kennedy in New Hampshire after having napped in its cage during the Maine caucuses. "We can't get people to divorce Carter the president from Carter the candidate," said Kennedy's state campaign manager, Dennis Kanin. "Carter is immune from political criticism. Any criticism of him gets translated into an attack on the one man who can free the hostages." Other campaign workers likened the current situation to 1972, when Henry Kissinger said that "peace is at hand" in Vietnam and clinched the election for Nixon. Kennedy managers claimed, in the immediate aftermath of Kennedy's narrow 3.7-point defeat in Maine, that Kennedy could roar to victory and political revival in New Hampshire. Last week, however, they were close to conceding defeat in New Hampshire, but attributing it solely to Iran and encouraging reporters to write that once the hostages were home, Kennedy's domestic issues would return to prominence. The Kennedy campaign clearly wants the press to write, after a defeat in New Hampshire, that Kennedy's challenge is still alive.

In furtherance of this strategy—and at the risk of demoralizing its New Hampshire volunteers—Kennedy's Washington headquarters leaked the results of a private poll last week showing that Kennedy was behind by a two-to-one margin. One report put the exact figures at 48 percent for Carter, 23 percent for Kennedy, five percent for Jerry Brown, and the rest undecided. This poll struck Carter managers as a case of poormouthing in the extreme, and they greeted reports of it with derision. Carter's state campaign manager, Chris Brown, has been insisting for weeks that the race is "too close to call," but he is indulging in the poormouthing game, too. Brown himself acknowledged that Carter phone banks were showing that of those voters who would declare a preference, Carter was leading three to one, with 30 percent undecided. Brown said he calculates that three-quarters of the undecideds actually are for Kennedy, but are too polite to say so. But even so, Brown's results indicate a Carter lead of something like 53 percent to 37 percent.

Street-corner interviews also suggest that Kennedy is in deep trouble in New Hampshire, and not only

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because people are sticking with the commander-in-chief amid the Iran crisis. "If Carter came out of the White House to campaign," said a barber in West Manchester, "Kennedy would be hitting him for not paying attention to the hostages. Kennedy is just trying to make hay out of Iran." A businessman in Dover said Kennedy "has nothing constructive to say. He just opposes Carter on whatever he does. It's dirty, underhanded politics." Not one voter in Manchester or Dover referred to Carter's economic failures or Kennedy's domestic proposals. Several made negative comments, some obscene, about Chappaquiddick.

So now to hard-number predictions. On the Democratic side, you should know that the latest poll available (as of February 21), conducted by the University of New Hampshire, said Carter was leading with 47 percent to 29 for Kennedy, six for Brown, and 18 percent undecided. An earlier *Los Angeles Times* poll gave Carter 51, Kennedy 27, and Brown seven, and a *Boston Globe* poll showed Carter with 54, Kennedy 36, and Brown five. Kennedy and Carter managers agree that Brown has not made the impact in New Hampshire that he did in Maine and—despite a last-minute anti-nuclear, anti-draft, anti-gun control blitz—cannot reach the 14 percent he achieved there. My forecast: Carter 54, Kennedy 34, Brown 10, and minor other candidates two percent.

On the Republican side, the UNH poll showed Bush with 37 percent, Reagan 33, Baker 10, Anderson five, and 12 percent undecided. The *LA Times* showed Reagan with 42 percent, Bush 38. The *Boston Globe* gave Bush 45 percent and Reagan 36. My guess, assuming no time bombs go off before Tuesday, is Bush 38, Reagan 32, Baker 12, Anderson 10, Crane four, Connally three, and Dole one.

Morton Kondracke

The hostages are small potatoes.

Bani-Sadr's Task

With the illness of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini and the election of Abolhassan Bani-Sadr as president, the post-revolutionary power struggle in Iran is at another turning point. Bani-Sadr's generation—the lost generation of the secular middle-aged, with no prior political experience—is reaching out forcefully to grab the mantle, its birthright, and to try to redress the imbalance between the secular and the religious in Iranian political life.

For the first time in a month, sizable crowds have begun to gather in front of the embassy, and the militants have strung new banners on the leafless trees. It is a kind of resurgence, a girding for battle; the struggle for power in Iran is not only secular versus religious, after all, but also generational. The young who made the revolution are struggling for supremacy with their elders, who merely guided it, in a country where half the population is under age 20. Young mullahs who organized the massive demonstrations that paralyzed the army and brought down the shah are chafing against the older clerics on the Revolutionary Council, who never put their lives on the line, and who have arrogated new titles and power. (Rank inflation among the clergy in the last year has been worse than grade inflation at Harvard in the last decade. Interior Minister Hojatolislam Hashemi Rafsanjani, for instance, was transformed into an ayatollah this summer, as was Badegh Khalkhali, head of the Revolutionary Courts.) On the secular side, students politicized in the long year of revolution are finding it very hard to attend to their books again, let alone their professors (those who haven't emigrated) or the aged constitutionalists, like former prime minister Bazargan.

The Iranian revolution was remarkable for many things, not least that it was carried out by the very young and the very old. The older men invariably made their reputations in opposition even 20 and 25 years before, many in the short-lived government of Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh, overthrown in 1953. Very few of them have exercised real power since. Like Bazargan, Khomeini too was an older symbol suddenly operational, given a second youth. Behind them marched the young, of course, but also a generation that was heretofore anonymous, the middle-aged—the Bani-Sadrs, the Sadegh Ghotbzadehs, and the ambitious clerics of the second rank.

It is this class of inexperienced middle-aged men (Bani-Sadr is 47) that is now trying to assert its right to rule a revolution that succeeded while many of them were in exile. Most grew to maturity under the monarchy, and were denied their political manhood by its arbitrary despotism. Parliament was a rubber stamp, the press was a joke, the bureaucracy was both corrupt and inactive. Many of this generation used their Westernized educations to go into business, to take the money and run. Those who stayed lived extremely well and detested their impotence; those who left mostly left for good. Only a very few threw themselves into political opposition. Those who stayed inside the country allied themselves with the remnants of Mossadegh's secular National Front: it soon became a very timid and ineffectual sort of opposition. (Since the revolution, a number of these men, noted lawyers like Hassan Nazih and Hedayatollah Matin-Daftari, have gone underground after protesting clerical "dictatorship"; Bani-Sadr vows to restore them to political life.) Those who remained in exile developed all manner of odd ideas, but the few who have come to matter, like Bani-Sadr, managed to combine their opposition with a new, radically revised Shi'a Islam. Their cause seemed especially hopeless, and nobody much paid any

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attention to them but Eric Rouleau, at *Le Monde*, whom they pestered regularly. Having ridden Khomeini to power, it is this group that is now trying to keep and institutionalize it.

Despite Bani-Sadr's impressive plurality January 25, the ground under his feet is extremely soft, and he must take one target at a time. Deflating the militants in the US embassy had to be his initial order of business, and as hard as that has been, putting a rein on the clergy will be much harder.

That is why Bani-Sadr calls freeing the American hostages "a minor affair," at least compared to his real work: staying in power, first; curbing the radical mullahs, whose interference at all levels of public life has brought chaos to politics and the economy; and bringing some sense of order and stability to the disintegrating revolutionary circus that has been Iran. Bani-Sadr's constant attacks on "parallel governments" are directed as much against the mullahs as against the militants.

Bani-Sadr's election and his willingness to negotiate the release of the hostages should not be overvalued by the United States. It does not mean a quick duck back under the US security umbrella, despite Afghanistan, as if the last two years had never happened in Iran. There are many reasons to be an anti-American politician in Iran today, but Bani-Sadr is genuinely so. Although he disagreed from the outset with the tactics of the militants, Bani-Sadr has been sympathetic to their basic aims—a humiliation of the United States for its actions of the past and some token of its willingness to change, to interfere no longer. That's why, just after his first firing, in early December, Bani-Sadr met with the militants, and according to *Le Monde*, criticized them for violating the Vienna convention protecting diplomats. "Your honor is at stake," insisted Bani-Sadr. "Do you think the Americans themselves respect international law?" he was asked. "Have they ever stopped violating the laws that they themselves have installed, and most often in their own interests?" Said Bani-Sadr:

> You're right. The behavior of the United States government in Iran during the last quarter-century has been revolting, but as good Moslems we should not base our behavior on that of Washington. Our task is to make clear the truth and not engage in a trial of strength. I have lived for 17 years in the West, and I can tell you that the Americans, like the Europeans, are looking for a new spirituality, for a new international morality. Carter was elected because he presented himself as the defender of human rights. It is to that opinion, which has condemned the inhuman moral system of his predecessors, that we should address ourselves, and explain to him why we are asking for the extradition of the shah.

Bani-Sadr may fear the Russians, but he detests American cultural and economic influence and the ways in which it transformed Iran. A French-trained nationalist in a state long manipulated by outside powers for geopolitical reasons, he would like to establish commercial and cultural ties to states he regards as more benign, like West Germany, France, Romania, and Japan. If the Russians will allow it, he would prefer to build up a credibly unaligned Iran. Nor does his election mean, suddenly, a stable, secular state, secure against subversion from the north or the east.

Under what might appear to be the extraordinary unity of Iranian political life—the support for Khomeini, the massive demonstrations, the 99 percent vote for an Islamic Republic, the 75 percent vote for Bani-Sadr in a crowded field—is an extraordinarily varied politics in what must be among the most politicized nations on earth. And implicit in the variety is the division that has paralyzed the Revolutionary Council and the Provisional government before it, and that allowed the militant students to play the influential role they have as a separate power center, free from the burdens and compromises of governing.

Like the Chinese Red Guards, the young militants took their cue and their justification from a revered revolutionary patriarch and set out to revive his revolution, gone soft and moderate. They created their own havoc with the established political system and its leaders—they brought down one government and two foreign ministers, including Bani-Sadr, and badly damaged the influence of the Mossadegh generation of reformers. But the country has gotten sick of them and their vendettas, as China did of its revolutionary youth.

The extraordinary vote for Bani-Sadr was an obvious reaction, a plea for less ideology and more jobs. (He was finance minister after all, and helped his own chances with promises of lower prices, less inflation, and housing loans that, true to Islam, would require no interest payments but only a four percent "commission.") But the divisions in the country remain as deep as ever, and Bani-Sadr has made his share of enemies, if only by rising so quickly. He is trying now, in this awkward interregnum, to assert and consolidate his power in order to confront the major question of Iran's future: the role of the mullahs in the running of things—whether, in Iran's theocracy, the dictatorship of the proletariat ought to be the clergy.

Khomeini seems to think so. Beyond the scope of Khomeini's own role under the new constitution, this is the main dispute that Ayatollah Kazem Shariat-Madari has with him. But at the same time, as the revolution's unifying symbol and constitutional guardian (*faghih*), Khomeini has been careful not to offend his own sense of the popular will.

Khomeini watched implacably as Bazargan's generation lost its power to the mullahs under the pressure of the embassy takeover, and he did nothing publicly to pull the militants and their clerical allies back into line. Still, he took obvious note of immense popular support for Bani-Sadr and endorsed his elevation to the chairmanship of the Revolutionary Council, implicitly backing the new president's striking attempt to assert control over the militants, who say they will follow only

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Khomeini's orders. Now Khomeini has made Bani-Sadr chief of Iran's armed forces. Yet Khomeini has allowed his son and emissary, Ahmad—whose appearance at the embassy within days of the occupation was judged a sign of Khomeini's endorsement—to continue to make regular visits there. Khomeini thus repudiates no one, makes negotiation inevitable, and reminds Bani-Sadr that he was fired once before for moving too fast.

Khomeini is trying to have it both ways. He allowed the ambitious mullahs who controlled the assembly that drew up the constitution to invest enormous power in the *faghih* and the council of religious elders, who can veto legislation passed by the parliament (to be elected March 14 and installed April 1). Yet he insisted on a layman president, finally refusing to allow clergymen to run for the office.

Bani-Sadr handily defeated the mullahs' nondescript candidate, Hassan Habibi, after their first choice had been disqualified on a technicality late in the race. But Bani-Sadr is president under a constitution that nonetheless puts enormous power in the hands of an unelected clergy. He may have been elected for four years, but the *faghih* can fire him at any time.

He may have thrust himself to the top of a Revolutionary Council divided between clergymen and laymen, but under the constitution, he is beholden to the council of religious elders. And who will they be? Pick any six names of clerics from the Revolutionary Council. And what if Khomeini, still weak from his heart ailment and exhaustion, should die? Clearly, power would have to devolve upon that same council of elders, who might then absorb, as a kind of politburo, the dictatorial powers of the irreplaceable *faghih*.

And what about the young clergy? Having organized a revolution, having tasted power, having run key ministries, they are as unlikely to go back to the pious obscurity from whence they came as the students were to go back to class. Sure of their righteousness, impressed with their own capacity, their vision of Iran is clearly not Bani-Sadr's and arguably not Khomeini's either.

In the meantime, the struggle shifts to the parliamentary elections, where the clergy as well as the militants—if they last that long, and aren't evicted in a "compromise"—will try to head off Bani-Sadr's crucial attempt to broaden his base. He represents, after all, no organized party, nor even any coherent, easily explained platform or point of view. He must succeed in turning his personal victory into an institutional one. Both Bani-Sadr and the clergy behind the Islamic Republican party will try to run on Khomeini's cloaktails (and against the United States).

But the most profound question for the future is how Khomeini will come down should Bani-Sadr move—as he clearly must, if Iran is to hold together as a sovereign nation—to satisfy the disaffected ethnic and religious minorities in the provinces. That would require a significant rewriting of major, almost definitive clauses of the Islamic Republic's constitution—those dealing with the supremacy of Shi'a Islam; its leader, the *faghih*; and the council of Shi'a elders.

For a Shi'ite Islamic Republic of Iran, as the clerics drew it up in the present constitution, is an Iran without its border provinces. It forfeits their allegiance and focuses their grievances, many of long standing, against a central government that always has been preoccupied or near-sighted. It opens the way to subversion and dismemberment—from the Soviet border through Azerbaijan and Kurdistan, from Afghanistan through Baluchistan, from Iraq through Khuzistan. It is Iran's clear and present danger.

And it is the real struggle of importance—for the United States as well—that is playing itself out behind the complicated charade at the American embassy.

Steven Erlanger

Steven Erlanger is assistant national editor of the *Boston Globe* and was recently in Iran.

Our Russian problem.

Taking Stock of the Soviets

> We were all preoccupied with our personal affairs and did not pay attention to defense. It was a great misunderstanding and now we are going to perish.
>
> —Franz Kafka, "From a Loose Leaf"

Returning to Washington after two months is a Kafkaesque experience. There is alarming talk on all sides. Some doves of yesteryear have transformed themselves into superhawks proposing strange nostrums and panaceas to cope with present problems; others are announcing that both Moscow and Washington have moved "right" (as if Kabul was right of the Kremlin) and suggest that despite the "brutal Soviet invasion" one should not overreact and stir up "war hysteria." Only yesterday large segments of the foreign policy establishment were genuinely convinced that military power counted for little in the contemporary world, that Eurocommunism was the wave of the future, and that the main danger to world peace was the pathological suspicion of Soviet motives. What a radical change and how quickly it has come about!

One does not know whom to pity more, the Russians or their well-meaning interpreters. At the very least, what has emerged is the widespread assumption that there has been a sudden deterioration in the international climate, a breakdown in detente which is the fault of the Russians, who suddenly and apparently quite inexplicably decided to engage on a reckless,

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aggressive policy. This kind of interpretation has much to recommend it; if the Soviets have suddenly changed their policy, then no one in Jimmy Carter's Washington can possibly be blamed.

One must entertain certain doubts on this score. It has always been obvious that detente was not a creature existing independently but a function of the balance of power between the US and the Soviet Union. The equation was, and still is, simple: no balance, no detente. Over the last few years America's position and that of her allies has deteriorated. Thus it was inevitable that detente would end or that the rules of the game would change. All this was perfectly clear, but it was not accepted in high places in Washington: the Russians were not 10 feet tall, the public was told, and even if they were, this did not greatly matter except perhaps in the context of a basketball game. That left a great many questions open concerning the size of allied players, their number and their equipment, their mobility and general capability. In short, the inconvenient issue of Western weakness was ignored until events in Tehran and Kabul caused a rude awakening.

When the American mood suddenly changed the Russians were shocked and aggrieved. One cannot help but sympathize with some of their complaints. It is certainly true that their foreign policy has been more consistent and predictable than America's, with its violent ("emotional" to the Russsians) swings from abject appeasement to outright bellicosity. And it also is true that Soviet foreign policy is not normally disposed toward taking foolish risks in the pursuit of enlarging its sphere of influence; it is otherwise only if and when these risks decrease or disappear altogether. American military power has not been equal to Soviet military power for years; and frequent statements to the contrary from President Carter on down seem not to have caused many sleepless nights to the Soviet leaders. American confusion and paralysis became manifest in the uncertain handling of the affair over the Soviet brigade in Cuba. The Soviet assessment of the US mood went wrong in its concentration on the Washington scene—the foreign policy establishment and part of the media. It ignored the fact that public opinion had moved considerably ahead of the leaders and opinion makers.

The Russians further assumed that they had not much to fear from America's European allies, who have been anxious to keep a low profile, and to avoid getting involved in affairs of no apparent concern to them. As so often in the recent past, official France showed the way, its old Vichyite mentality posing as independent practical wisdom. Nor were the Russians greatly worried about third world countries: while lavishing extravagant praise, unlike America they never regarded them as a monolithic bloc or took them seriously as a major political factor in world affairs. Some third world countries effectively have become Soviet vassals, some are afraid of Russia, and others still suffer from the "false consciousness" that regards the US as the main threat to their independence. The Russians expected protests from the third-world and Islamic countries, short lived and politically meaningless. The Soviet reading was overly optimistic, but not by much.

As the Soviets see it, their foreign policy has consistently aimed at the promotion of world peace. This *is* detente, and whoever opposes it is an enemy of detente. True, they had agreed that detente had certain ground rules, but there were not eternal rules: with the change in the "correlation of forces" the rules were bound to change. The "camp of peace and progress" would expand, "reaction and imperialism" would contract and lose influence. Soviet leaders never made a secret of their belief in this iron law of history. Was it fair to blame them if some people in the West had chosen to ignore this? Was it their fault if America failed to act in accordance with its diminished status and power in world affairs? Why did the Americans, as Brezhnev put it, foolishly and vainly try to obstruct the "march of history"?

There is, of course, no "iron law" and no "march of history." But even so, what encouraged the Russians to believe that the time had come to increase pressure all over the world—from Japan to Norway and Central Europe, from Afghanistan and Iran to Romania? The Carter administration must bear part of the blame, since it has had no clear policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Union but unnecessary pin pricks, manifestations of appeasement, and above all confusion about overall Soviet intentions and how to deal with them. True, this was not the first administration to misjudge Soviet intentions; and true again, some of the experts, many politicians, and the media helped to confound the confusion. Senator Kennedy's appeal to neo-isolationism at this very moment reveals neither statesmanship nor much political acumen. For their part, the Republican candidates have found solace in Lear-like ramblings: "they will do such things—what they are yet I know not; they shall be the terror of the earth!" Yet they balk at curtailing the sale of wheat and high technology to Russia. One can imagine Mr. Brezhnev chuckling over such exhibitions.

The learning process on Soviet affairs that has now begun in Washington bears a certain resemblance to the disillusionment of 1946-47 when the wartime alliance broke up and the hopes of good old Uncle Joe faded away. I hope that we shall be spared the excesses and crudities of that period. But the arguments gaining some currency now—that the Soviet action in Afghanistan was purely defensive, that we have been overreacting, that surely the Russians have no intention to go any further—are foolish. Can the official US response to the Soviets, to quote George Kennan, be written off as a "triumph of unrestrained military suspicions"? Not a few people, in high places and low, have staked their reputations on an orientation of this kind. To admit that they have been wrong—not just about Afghanistan but all along the line—

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demands an uncommon degree of fortitude. In the circumstances it is all too natural to regard the present calamity as a temporary setback, the crisis as artificial and insignificant, and a return to "normalcy" as both desirable and feasible.

There is an uncanny resemblance between these rationalizations of weakness and the arguments used by the appeasers in 1938. Winston Churchill said in a famous speech after the German incorporation of Austria in March 1938: "Very likely this immediate crisis will pass, will dissipate itself and calm down. After a boa constrictor has devoured its prey, it often has a considerable digestive spell. . . . If there is a pause then people will be saying 'see how the alarmists have been confronted, Europe has calmed down, it has all blown over, the tension is greatly relaxed. . . .The *Times* will write a leading article to say how silly those people look who raised a clamour for exceptional action in foreign policy and defense, and how wise it was not to be carried away by this passing incident . . . "

If the sentiment Churchill described became the majority consensus in the US there would indeed be cause for alarm as far as the prospects of peace are concerned. For if weakness and confusion contributed in the past to the Soviet conviction that aggression does not involve great risks, more of the same after Afghanistan will almost certainly act as an invitation to the Russians to increase their pressure. There are too many temptations for the Russians to show the West that the "correlation of forces" has changed: a little war in the Middle East is a possibility, one that would have the advantage of deflecting the attention of the third world from Afghanistan; intervention by proxy in the coming Turkish and Iranian crises are other options. Pressure on Japan, Scandinavia, or Romania could be exerted, and there are other opportunities in North Africa and Southeast Asia.

The language of events is clear and unmistakable. The wishful thinking about "Soviet intentions" has become more muted as the arguments become more threadbare. The main task now is to formulate and conduct a more realistic and effective foreign policy. The realization that Russian intentions are somewhat less peaceful and their ambitions more far reaching than hitherto assumed is a step in the right direction, but hardly amounts to an overall strategy to prevent more damage in the future. The decisions to boycott the Olympic Games, to send a task force to the Persian Gulf region, to increase defense spending, to supply arms to Pakistan and obtain bases in Oman and Somalia may be necessary; but they are unrelated, piecemeal measures which do not constitute a coherent policy. They will be of limited value in the kinds of crises likely to face America in the years to come. The difficulties facing us are not as daunting as some seem to believe; no superhuman wisdom and determination will be needed to confront them.

Walter Laqueur

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Registration may brighten the prospects for ERA.

A Giant Step Toward Equality?

by Lisa Myers

Eight Bible-packing Pentecostal ministers marched into Senator Nancy Kassebaum's Wichita office determined to save her wayward political soul. It was scripturally sound to reinstitute draft registration, they assured her, citing chapter and verse which prophesied a Soviet takeover of the Middle East. But to include women is anti-God and anti-family, they proclaimed, and would rot the moral fiber of young America. "Phyllis Schlafly must be loving this one," Kassebaum later observed.

Gross exaggeration, distortion, and misrepresentation abound in the initial wave of reaction to President Carter's proposal to register 19- and 20-year-old men and women. The right rails about debasing the flower of womanhood and about women degrading the Army. The far left conjures up visions of the high school football hero and homecoming queen arriving home in unisex body bags from an unjust, faraway war. Young men and women are not being told to pack up their blowdryers and head for the Khyber Pass. They are asked only to walk to the neighborhood post office. The most deadly weapon they have to handle is a Bic pen.

Registration is not the draft, nor necessarily even the

Lisa Myers is a reporter for the *Washington Star*.

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Why Not Combat?

Women may be the armed forces' greatest potential asset. Since the Pentagon started trying to recruit women in the early 1970s, the fraction of women in the military has risen from two to seven percent. Women are easier to recruit than men (there are not enough jobs for women who want them); female recruits are more mature than males and more likely to have a high school degree; females pose fewer drug and discipline problems; females tend to stay in the service longer and are promoted faster than males. What a contrast to the tawdry image of the All Volunteer Force, where male recruitment fails to meet goals, where the dropout rate is high, where there is a lot of what the military calls "personnel turbulence." So recruitment of more women volunteers, or a draft of females as well as males, would seem desirable.

The problem is that the military, the administration, and Congress are not ready to assign women to combat roles—to be infantrymen, to drive tanks, to be fighter pilots, and the like. And since the armed forces exist, after all, to fight, most jobs are combat jobs. The restriction on women in combat has a devastating effect on the role women can play. In the Army, where 95 percent of all kinds of jobs are open to women, the combat restriction limits women to only 45,000 out of 566,000 billets.

Why not put women into combat? It would follow a great American tradition. Didn't Molly McCauley (afterward known as Molly Pitcher) "man" the cannon at the battle of Monmouth after her husband George was overcome by the heat? What of Margaret Corbin, who fired her husband's cannon after he was killed during the battle of Fort Washington in 1776? Today we have firewomen, policewomen, women security guards—women in all sorts of exciting and dangerous jobs. Moreover, according to Army Research Institute studies, the number of women in an army unit has no impact on its performance in field exercises. Not surprisingly, ARI found that leadership, training, and "personnel turbulence" had more impact on unit performance.

Physically, many women soldiers would be capable of the tasks demanded at the front. Women on average are five inches shorter and 30 to 40 pounds lighter than men and most of the weight difference is men's greater muscle mass. On the other hand, the overlap between the sexes in terms of physical strength is so great that if a test were devised to qualify people physically for infantry duty (such as exists for firemen's jobs) some women would surely pass. Moreover, there are highly trained women who can beat some highly trained men in physical contests: Olympic speed skater Beth Heiden, for example, regularly outruns her gold medalist brother Eric.

But the physical strength issue is largely irrelevant. Much of what troops do, at the front and elsewhere, is teamwork. Soldiers seek help from each other when they have difficulty changing a tire on a two-and-a-half-ton truck or crank-starting a 10 KW generator; the fact that women recruits have been known to seek help for some tasks doesn't change things much. Secondly, modern warfare looks less and less like the old World War II movies, with soldiers wriggling with heavy rifles through swamps, or slugging it out with oversized Germans in deserted European villages. A large number of combat jobs involve operating very sophisticated equipment, such as the forward line Vulcan, Chapparal, and Pershing weapons, or EW weapons on shipboard. Increasingly what the military needs are well-educated troops, and it can be argued that the US military does itself a disservice by not allowing its women to "man" these weapons.

The primary barriers to women in combat are legal, social, and psychological. At present, the Army is the only service with complete freedom to assign women to any role it wants—except that as a matter of policy it declines to assign them to combat. The Air Force has a legal restriction, Section 8549 of 10 US Code (the law governing military personnel), which prohibits Air Force women from combat roles. The Navy's situation is fuzzier: it is also barred under Section 6015 of 10 US Code from assigning women to combat, and even to vessels other than hospital or transport ships. That

harbinger of a return to peacetime conscription. Neither is it the preamble to a declaration of war. It would, however, demonstrate national resolve and willingness to sacrifice to friends as well as foes. The US has been and will be asking Western allies to go along with economic and political reprisals against the Soviet Union—measures that in some cases will entail more sacrifice from them than from us. Registration would be a meaningful symbol that this nation too will sacrifice—a fact subject to international question over the last decade. Registration is a signal to the Kremlin that the trauma of Vietnam has not so damaged the national psyche that the US won't fight back when its interests or allies are threatened.

Although in military terms registration does not improve conventional capabilities, certainly it can be viewed as part of a broader effort to enhance US readiness to respond to a national emergency. If war broke out tomorrow and President Carter ordered immediate and full mobilization, it would take more than a month before the first inductees could be processed. Right now, the Pentagon doesn't even know where to find them. Under the registration proposal, which provides a list of bodies, the first inductions would occur 13 days after mobilization.

Those who oppose registration do so largely on the ground that it is a step toward war, a show of militarism. For some reason, many of these same anti-war activists consider it dishonorable to prepare oneself for a possible conflict. That's for the warmongers, they say. They want Amtrak—to ride in the opposite direction. But it is difficult to find a war in which a country was attacked because of its nonpareil military prowess. Poland wasn't the demonstration project for every European bully since Catherine the Great because it afforded a tough match. "You noticed that the Soviets attacked Afghanistan, not China," notes one administration official.

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law was weakened in July 1978, when Judge John J. Sirica ruled it unconstitutional. But Sirica did not rule on the appropriateness of women in combat. The Navy, which wanted more leeway in women's assignments, did not appeal the ruling.

In fact, there is evidence that the administration wants more freedom to integrate women into the armed forces. Some officials believe women could go into combat—but not soon. Under the present legal hodgepodge, Navy women still cannot serve on oilers—ships that refuel other ships—because they are classed as combatants. Air Force women can land on aircraft carriers but Navy women cannot. So the administration has proposed legislation to repeal 6015 and 8549. This would, in effect, absolve Congress from having to decide whether women should go into combat and leave the decision up to military brass.

For just that reason, Congress is not likely to go along. Unlike some administration officials, who view women in combat as a distant inevitability, many in Congress think women in combat is a bad idea. "I don't think we should crucify the national defense capability on the cross of an equal opportunity slogan," testified Georgia Democrat Larry MacDonald to the House Armed Services Committee.

The testimony of MacDonald, William Westmoreland, and other opponents revealed the heart of the resistance. First, there is the dismissable notion that the addition of women will weaken the fighting forces and "crucify" the national defense. Then there is the feeling that a unified fighting spirit comes from "male bonding" and that women wouldn't bond properly. Testified MacDonald: "Particularly with a high level of mental stress . . . you will have men fighting over a particular woman—the possibilities just boggle the mind." Another fear is that men soldiers would be distracted by wounded and dying women.

There is also a very fundamental fear that the women will be captured, and that their vulnerability to rape would create a strong negative public reaction. Finally, there is the tribal argument, a variant of the old "save the women and children" cry. A nation fights a war to survive, the argument goes, so for it to risk the lives of its child-bearing population runs counter to its interests. Opponents cite the fact that the Israeli army, the only contemporary force to use women in combat, discontinued such assignments after the 1973 Mideast war. For one thing, Arab units that engaged the integrated Israeli units fought much harder to avoid the humiliation of defeat by women; casualties on both sides were higher in those engagements.

The most practical position, however, seems to be the gradual approach advocated by DOD, which treats the armed forces correctly as a reflection of society rather than its vanguard. Officials admit that there is harassment and sexism in many places where women soldiers serve in more "acceptable" roles. They say that the consciousness of officers and male colleagues will have to be actively raised, and the numbers of women far greater, before the services will accept women in combat roles. Hans Mark, secretary of the Air Force, summarized why he would not assign women to combat now: "It would put us too far out ahead of society." Even some liberals are troubled by these considerations.

But women may see combat assignments sooner than officials think. The courts may force it. Feminist groups may bring suit arguing that if the government is going to employ women in the armed services, it should employ them fairly and hence that equal opportunity laws should apply to combat jobs. Government lawyers are prepared to argue that DOD should have the right to assign women to combat, but that the courts should not force it to exercise that right. They will cite numerous court cases exempting the military from ordinary constitutional and other legal strictures. No one knows which side would win, but if a court orders DOD to assign women to combat roles, says M. Kathleen Carpenter, deputy assistant secretary of defense (Equal Opportunity), "We'll just do as we're told."

Deborah Shapley

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As for young people themselves—women included—registration should prompt serious reflection of their personal obligation and commitment to country, a process missed by half a generation. "Picking up that registration form is likely to make you think about what kind of commitment you are willing to make and what your priorities are in life," Kassebaum says. "That is a healthy exercise in itself."

Women have been performing military roles successfully since long before they were granted regular military status in the real [men's] army in 1948. In World War II some 20,000 women served in a variety of capacities—as pilots, gunnery instructors, and naval air aviators. They landed on the beaches of Normandy and received Purple Hearts. Women now constitute seven percent of the armed forces and are deemed capable of filling 95 percent of all job categories. Female participation in the military is projected to rise to some 200,000, or 11 percent of all forces, by 1983. Contrary to the assertions of certain conservative lawmakers, women have not contributed to a decline in the overall quality of troops. Pentagon studies indicate that, with the exception of tasks that require considerable upper-body strength, women perform virtually all jobs at least as well as men. In areas requiring dexterity or perceptual skills, women actually outperform their male counterparts. Moreover, women in the armed services "generally are of higher mental aptitude than men," says Robert Stone, acting deputy assistant secretary of defense.

Some legislators object to the encoding of women on grounds that it is likely to bog down implementation of registration at a time when the Kremlin is making menacing sounds. In fact, failure to include women is the primary threat to delay of registration. Men-only registration undoubtedly will be challenged in court as an unconstitutional denial of rights under the Fifth Amendment. The constitutional view held by six of the

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nine current Supreme Court Justices is that sex-based discrimination is allowable only if certain rather stringent criteria are met. As spelled out in the precedent-setting 1976 case of *Craig v. Boren*, differentiation between sexes is allowed only if it serves "important governmental objectives" rather than merely "old notions" about the roles of men and women in society. Further, the court held that the sex-based classification must be "closely and substantially" related to the accomplishment of those objectives. Most legal scholars believe that men-only registration would not meet these tests. Thus, in the event of a challenge, the Supreme Court is likely to strike down the 1948 law which gives Carter the authority to register men.

Ultimately, treating men and women equally for purposes of registration is a simple matter of social justice. For years, women have demanded the same educational, job, and financial opportunities as men. Although equality remains a goal rather than reality, women now must be willing to accept what they view as the negative side of the coin. "We will have a terrible backlash if we tell guys on the assembly line to move over when it comes to building Navy ships but scream 'we're different' when we're asked to sail on them," asserts Representative Barbara Mikulski, Democrat of Maryland.

Phyllis Schlafly, national chairman of Stop ERA, had to chortle when leading feminists, overcome by their antiwar pasts, recently played right into her hands. Although their message was against registration altogether, the general public saw "libbers"—including Representative Patricia Schroeder, Democrat of Colorado, former representative Bella Abzug, and journalist Gloria Steinem—who for a decade have demanded equal rights, yell "wait a minute" at the first suggestion that women might be drafted. "They look like a bunch of flakes and hypocrites," complains an activist with impeccable feminist credentials.

As a tactical matter, registering women would probably brighten dimming prospects for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. Schlafly would be deprived of her most persuasive and fear-evoking argument against ERA—that it would lead to drafting women. With registration, equal treatment of men and women in the military would be a moot point. Indeed, some feminists contend that registration of women itself could be the biggest step toward equality in the last decade. "It would be a message that Congress is willing to say in a way that nobody can not understand that women are equal," claims Holly Knox, director of the Project on Equal Education Rights.

drawing by Mike Peters

Despite the clear-cut social and constitutional cases, registration of women faces an uphill but hardly quixotic battle in Congress. As one would expect, there is a sizable block of Schlafly disciples who hold the anachronistic view of women as delicate creatures of limited abilities. Yet they are a minority, as indicated by the 1978 vote extending the ratification period of ERA. But the large influx of younger lawmakers over the last six years has considerably improved the climate on women's issues. In fact, it's tough to find anyone who agrees with House Speaker Tip O'Neill's claim that there is overwhelming opposition to registration of women. "It's not the opposition that is overwhelming," says White House lobbyist William Cable. "It's the desire not to have to face the issue that's overwhelming."

Most legislators are keeping their options open, waiting to see how their constituents line up. But the basis is there for a broad-based coalition led primarily by moderates. In the House, representatives Gladys Spellman, Lindy Boggs, Olympia Snowe, and Barbara Mikulski already have come down firmly in support of registering women as well as men. Kassebaum, a moderate Republican from Kansas, has gone even farther out front in the Senate, at one point publicly challenging O'Neill. These are precisely the women whose support is vital if the issue is to be won. Most of them are not perceived as bra-burners and have substantial credibility with their colleagues. "Gladys and Lindy in particular have big skirts that a few of us have hidden behind on women's issues before," acknowledges a House Democrat.

And politically speaking, the opposition of Abzug and Schroeder could be a plus. Abzug was asked to stay away from the House floor when the ERA extension was up. Schroeder isn't much more popular. As one House Democratic leader pointed out, "The lights go out when Schroeder goes on."

Still, the political balance of power on this issue lies with the liberals of both parties, particularly those—such as senators Gaylord Nelson, Bob Packwood, and John Danforth—who aren't high on registration but believe that if it's going to happen women should be cut in. The key may be at what point they concede defeat on the first battle and begin the second.

Barring a dramatic turn of events, men are going to be registered. President Carter formally will invoke his authority to do so in mid-June or early July. Although there will be a fight, there is more than a solid majority in both houses to appropriate the additional $20 million or so that Carter needs to revitalize the Selective Service System.

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Registration of women must be specifically authorized by Congress, however. The White House will send up separate legislation for this purpose. With the whales on both sides lined up firmly against it, the administration bill will be killed in House and Senate Armed Services Committees. Thus, the showdown will occur on some related defense legislation to which authority to encode women would be offered as an amendment. The most likely vehicle is the annual military authorization bill, which usually comes up for floor action late in the spring.

To have a shot at winning, the pro-ERA network—including groups such as the National Organization for Women, who oppose registration altogether—must pull together to counterbalance Schlafly's efficient and vocal band. It's not that women's groups can deliver that many votes on Capitol Hill. What is crucial is that they organize and generate the grassroots lobbying pressure on congressmen to make them think twice about unequal treatment of men and women. Without such a lobbying effort, which proved extremely successful on the ERA extension, politicians have no incentive to include women nor, more importantly, to have any fear of the consequences if they don't.

"We will work them one-on-one up here, but what people do back home is going to be all important," Gladys Spellman points out. "If they're hearing all negative, they're going to be hard to move."

If the feminists fail to put aside their differences and unite on this issue, they will bear the bulk of responsibility for a defeat which Holly Knox warns would be "terribly damaging to the entire equal rights movement." They will have only themselves to blame for legislating and perpetuating inequality.

Bella Abzug meets Phyllis Schlafly.

Staying Out of the Trenches

by Ellen Cantarow

Shortly after President Carter announced on February 8 his proposal to register women along with men for a draft, debate over the gender of the registrants had driven all sorts of strange bedfellows into the opposition camp. It was a nightmare for Phyllis Schlafly, who once demanded that the government "go ahead on the B-1 bomber." When Schlafly heard the news she accused Carter of "stabbing American womanhood in the back." The presidents of the Rabbinical Council of America and the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations protested in a letter to the *New York Times* on February 13 that Carter's proposal threatened to destroy "a sense of modesty, self-discipline and family purity in relations between the sexes." On the left, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF), one of three women's organizations that are part of the Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD)—a national fulcrum of anti-registration/anti-draft activity—had come out against registration for anyone, male or female. Somewhere on the horizons of the mounting resistance were the right-wing Libertarians.

At least two major women's organizations, the National Organization for Women (NOW) and the National Women's Political Caucus (NWPC), found themselves shifting their basic arguments in the scramble to keep pace with the administration's escalating proposals. On January 25, the day after Carter hinted that he planned to include women in his proposal to register "young people" for the draft in his State of the Union address, NOW president Eleanor Smeal said her organization was "totally opposed" to the draft for both men and women. But by February 8, NOW issued a long press release that moved from initial support for female registration ("If there is to be a registration, it must include women. Let's face it: women are an established part of the modern military. . . ."), through a small thicket of allusions to discrimination against women in the military, to a reassertion of opposition to registration for both sexes "because it is a response which stimulates an environment of preparation for war." "But if," the release concluded, "there is a registration or draft, it must include women." The shifts in statements released by the National Women's Political Caucus within the same period are almost identical.

The NOW effort bespoke hours of heated discussion in committee, frantic efforts to cover all flanks in a position of disadvantage on the battlefields of the momentuous military gender debate. If you consider that ever since Carter's proposal feminists have been

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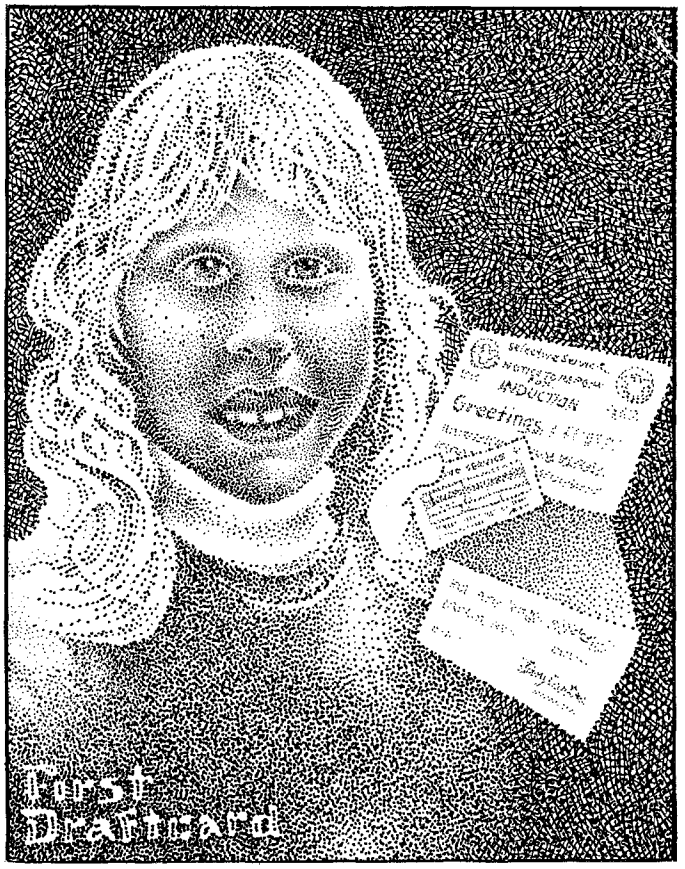

drawing by Roger Jones

suffering emotional blackmail by those who are using the ERA to bait them into accepting registration, and by others who are using it to put them back in the doll's house, you can almost forgive NOW's statement, midway through the second press release, that as sex discrimination costs the government billions of dollars, one should consider that "a high-quality female recruit costs the army $150 to recruit while a comparable male costs $3700."

What is hardest to understand is NOW's (and NWPC's) "anti-pro" position. Smeal explained: "If registration is wrong, it's equally wrong for males and females. However, it's a huge cop-out not to answer the next question, 'What if there's going to be a registration or a draft? What's your position on whether women should be included?'" There is a certain *realpolitik* to this position, which separates general anti-draft, anti-registration principles from the organization's stand on a particular piece of legislation. It also has grounding in the Constitution: the Supreme Court has interpreted the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment as one that embodies the notion of equal protection, and it is now possible to challenge sex-exclusive legislation as unconstitutional. Within the next two months or so, a bill requesting $20 million for male registration will come up in Congress (Carter is keeping his request for money separate from his proposal that women be included in the process). If a males-only registration appropriation passes, the government could be sued for sex discrimination. David Landau, an attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union in Washington, has said it's likely that men, not women, will bring suit against the government if any exclusively male registration appropriation passes.

NOW and NWPC would have to do some fancy shuffling to avoid the pitfalls no matter which stand they took. For example, in a 24-page position paper, NOW has discussed, among other things, the demonstrated capabilities of women in an army that needs "more brains than brawn"; in the meantime, days after Carter's announcement about female registration, swing votes in Virginia went against the ERA on the grounds that if the amendment passed, women might have to go into the trenches.

NOW and the National Women's Political Caucus representatives confide that their move to qualified endorsement of female registration was partly prompted by concern about the ERA. But in the current situation the ERA is synonymous with Catch-22.

Many women's representatives have angrily expressed the opinion that the idea of women's equality symbolized by the ERA is being used against women now. "When American women have equality of opportunity," said Bella Abzug a week after Carter's announcement, "it will be time to talk about equality of sacrifice." (Abzug went on to denounce registration for either sex.) Feminist opponents of Carter's proposal wryly observe that equality of opportunity is relative at best even within the All Volunteer Army (AVA), where women have managed to get a toehold in some nontraditional jobs. Registration and the draft, the antis argue, aren't likely to reverse such discrimination. Invariably, center-left antis oppose registration for both sexes, arguing instead that AVA should be upgraded. They counter arguments that the AVA is "an economic draft" by arguing that while the AVA may be in part a forced choice, the draft is purely coercive. No one would disagree—certainly not young women who have already begun imagining the options. "Forget it," say increasing numbers of young women. "I'll just get pregnant."

But for the time being, a number of feminists believe that the gender controversy is a trap: while it rages, congressional authorization of the $20.5 million appropriation for male registration could go through without much debate. Barry Lynn of CARD agrees, adding, "I think it's a smokescreen by the administration to have the media and the public focus on a question that's going to die very promptly—if it ever comes up." The female registration proposal may never come up for congressional debate, since it must go first through preliminary discussion in the Armed Services Subcommittees in both houses, and the odds are that it will be killed there. Lynn envisions a five-to-two vote in the Senate subcommittee against the measure and a vote of six or seven to 12 in the House. This doesn't mean the question will die, of course, since any sex-exclusive bill that passes Congress would almost certainly trigger lawsuits.

Other women in the anti camp insist that the debate

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over women, even in its present state, is manipulative. "I think," said Representative Pat Schroeder, Democrat of Colorado, "there's no question that women would say, 'If it's needed, we'll be there.' The point is, we want equal rights on the discussion of 'Is it needed?' instead of getting cornered into fighting with Phyllis Schlafly over whether or not we're going to have to go."

Many oppose registration on the grounds that it won't do what its proponents say it will—save time in an eventual mobilization. According to Schroeder, who led a successful fight on the House floor last September to block registration, such a sign-up would save two weeks at most.

One gets into dreadful bogs debating how much time Selective Service preliminaries take, as registration proponents trot out Pentagonese ("M plus 30 days," etc.) to bolster estimates based on computer projections and analysis of Soviet military strategy. The bottom-line argument of registration opponents is that the registration process would be symbolic. "It was probably introduced to demonstrate to Americans we're doing something," said Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, Democrat of New York, "and show the world our national resolve. But it will have a negligible impact at best on mobilization, and as a symbol it's self-defeating," she continued, adding drily that student protests on the increase since the beginning of the month will hardly help Carter show the world an American united front. Moreover, said Holtzman, "If the registration has been invoked for symbolic purposes, would a draft then be invoked, and then war? When we see symbolism replacing necessity as a justification for military action, we're seeing the whole situation escalate."

And it is precisely war that is now on the minds of the US government and the military. In the Department of Defense's annual report for fiscal year 1981, colloquially called "The Posture Statement," Defense Secretary Harold Brown asserted that the US must protect its interests against "turbulence in the Third World," and proposed creation of a new (and controversial) intervention force for policing the third world, called the Rapid Deployment Force (RDF). The RDF projected by Brown is a quick-strike force, but if its numbers were depleted in combat, new bodies would be needed—and finding new bodies means restoration of the draft.

All of this war talk raises questions for feminists about the role of women in America's updated military. Proponents of female registration wander from the immediate sign-up issue into discussions of the relative strength needed to push buttons. But women who are unqualifiedly against the current registration drive and its implications argue that women will have to decide whether they want any part at all in the sort of rapid deployment militarization the Carter administration envisions. "It's not that we don't think women can do those jobs," said one anti-draft spokeswoman. "We know they can. It's just that they're not jobs we think anyone should be doing."

In the wake of Carter's announcement that Marines will sail into the Persian Gulf next month, hints of the smaller ironies of female support for certain US interventions have begun emerging. It now appears that the Afghan rebellion quashed by the Soviet Union began when the Russian-supported regime tried to enforce Afghan women's rights. "There is some irony," wrote Ellen Goodman in the *Boston Globe*, "in thinking that our own young women could be drafted and sent to defend the rights of Afghan men to deny the rights of Afghan women."

Just how many super-patriarchs would survive on either side in a "limited" war of the sort proposed in the DOD "Posture" statement is unclear. According to a *Washington Post* report from the first week in February, the RDF isn't strong enough to defeat any opponent without using tactical nuclear weapons. "When we talk about the necessity of war with the Soviet Union," said Elizabeth Holtzman, "I think we have to recognize the consequences could include a nuclear holocaust. To talk about military solutions is to forget you have other solutions, and that's a bankrupt policy."

The day after Carter announced his plan to register women, doctors and scientists met at a Harvard symposium entitled "The Medical Consequences of Nuclear Weapons and Nuclear War." "In a nuclear war," stated Dr. Robert J. Lifton of Yale, "there are no winners or losers. . . . Nuclear war is a mutual unleashing of genocidal forces." One can treat such a war, said Dr. Howard Hiatt, dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, only as an epidemic with a single cure—"that of prevention."

In the interests of preventing *faits accomplis* in the escalating cold war, Representative Schroeder met informally February 13 with other congresswomen and the representatives of a wide range of women's organizations to discuss the implications of the registration drive. The meeting, said Schroeder, was a response to the exclusion of women from decision making in the upper realms of government. "The men were saying, 'We're not going to let you make the *big* decisions, sweetie. We'll make them, and then you can decide whether you'll be equal." By the time this article appears, another meeting of women's groups, including WILPF, NOW, Women Strike for Peace, and the National Women's Political Caucus, will have taken place in Philadelphia for further debate about the current crisis.

Meanwhile, the anti-draft movement has risen from the ashes of the 1960s on college campuses around the country (the old slogans returned in an anticorporate key: "Hell, no, we won't go! We won't fight for Texaco!"), and a large number of the participants are female. As the lines of debate about "the Carter doctrine" become clearer, women will take a stand not on gender but on the crises in America's political economy, and on whether war is the best way of solving them.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Troubles, Public and Private

John Lowenthal, a lawyer and former Rutgers law professor, has made a 166-minute documentary called *The Trials of Alger Hiss*. No expert on this troubled matter would criticize this film on the basis of one viewing, without a script for reference, and I'm not such an expert. Although, like thousands of others, I've read and read on the subject through the years, the status of this or that issue is no longer crystalline in my head. I want only to report on the film's existence and to comment in filmic terms. But one basic point is clear: Lowenthal reaches no partisan conclusion. We see materials that can now be reported on fully under the recent Freedom of Information Act, along with recent statements by jurors in the two Hiss perjury trials that such knowledge at the time of the trials could have altered the outcome; but there are also recent statements by others involved in the Hiss saga that their opinion of his guilt is not much altered.

Most of the film is not new information, it's a summary and a retrospect—an orderly, well-shaped job, interweaving modern interviews in color with old newsreel shots in black and white. (In his credits Lowenthal thanks Marcel Ophuls; presumably he had structural advice from the maker of *The Sorrow and the Pity*.) The chief new information is the ostensible confirmation of the long-suspected hankypanky with the Woodstock typewriter that figured in the case, along with ostensible confirmation of the FBI's role in that hankypanky. In 1948, when the cold war was hotting up, revanchism on liberals and radicals was flourishing and—as has been demonstrated many times—not always with strict probity. Hiss couldn't be tried for the treason presumably uncovered by HUAC in 1948 because of the statute of limitations, but he could be tried for perjury before the committee. The first trial produced a hung jury. In 1950 he was convicted, sentenced to five years, and served less than four. At the time of his conviction he charged "forgery by typewriter," apparently with sound reason.

But some matters on the other side of the question still stick in the craw. One instance: to HUAC, Hiss denied knowing the name Whittaker Chambers. When Hiss was confronted with Chambers, he looked him over carefully, walked around him, and asked to see his teeth (!) before he identified Chambers as someone he had known under another name. And all this rigmarole was about a man who had stayed with Hiss in his home only 10 years before and to whom Hiss had given a car.

In 1948 I shared the widespread feeling that the Hiss inquiry was ludicrous. Hiss: buttoned-down collar, Harvard Law, Justice Holmes's law clerk, FDR aide. Chambers: neurotic ex-Communist, a pudgy fungus now attached to *Time*. (I didn't know it then, but under another name Chambers had figured in Lionel Trilling's novel *The Middle of the Journey*.) Obviously FDR and the New Deal were being hounded ex post facto by bulldog rightists.

Today that delayed venting of animus against the New Deal still seems true, as are the outlines of the Hiss and Chambers "roles." But re-seeing the newsreel clips of the HUAC hearings in Lowenthal's film made me think that if TV had been widespread at the time, living-room familiarity might have changed the colors somewhat. Chambers, still unattractive, seems dankly sincere. Hiss, still attractive, seems arrogant, assumptive, unsuccessfully airy. Perhaps if TV had existed then in the fullness of its present saturation of consciousness, it would have altered their behavior. See the pre-TV Representative Nixon in those newsreel clips; compare him with the post-TV full-of-heart national figure. (Toward which Nixon was moving on the stepping-stone of the Hiss case.)

The 73-year-old Hiss, in his interviews, is of course much changed: more modest, more quietly strong. With Hiss and with the other survivors, this is the film's most interesting aspect as film: the faces now and the same faces 30 or more years ago. Often Lowenthal shot his interviews against a background of greenery, in places where these old men now live. There's a suggestion of disentanglement from the world's business.

One criticism of those interviews. All the subjects are identified, but we're not always told the man's connection with the Hiss affair. About, for example, Nathan Witt, Samuel Krieger, and Father Cronin, the uninformed viewer will have to do some inferring that he might have been spared. And 15 to 20 minutes should have been razored out of the film, almost arbitrarily. Two hours and 46 minutes is too much for its weight.

But Lowenthal has worked with crisp intelligence, has generally moved briskly and asked good questions. Purposely or not, one strand that is spliced in throughout provides a recurrent bitter note—footage of a talk that Hiss gave at Rutgers in 1978. We hear him being introduced; we don't hear his talk, but we do hear some of the questions afterward. Patently, despite the facts given them, the students couldn't see Hiss's relevance to them, what he wanted from them or from the world.

Films Worth Seeing

Angi Vera. A small-scale, large-truth drama of political corruption, delicately done. Hungary, 1948.

Kramer vs. Kramer. New York today. Custody fight by a divorced couple. Thin, somewhat romanticized script beefed up by excellent acting.

My Brilliant Career. Beginning two possibly brilliant careers—the star's (Judy Davis) and the director's (Gillian Armstrong). Australia, 1890s. Spunk, color, unforced charm.

Our Hitler: A Film from Germany. Special engagements. Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour collection of nightmares, fantasies, scourgings, and projections. Occasionally sluggish, sometimes infuriating, generally overwhelming.

SK

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Lowenthal's film implies that the atmosphere of the Hiss prosecution helped the rise of Joe McCarthy and may have contributed to Vietnam. The Rutgers students got none of this. Though they were not hostile, they made Hiss, in his quest for exoneration, look quite alone up there.

Paul Schrader wants to be a serious filmmaker. One of his principal models is Robert Bresson, whom Schrader wrote about in his book *Transcendental Style* and whom he interviewed illuminatingly in *Film Comment*, September-October 1977. From Bresson, Schrader has apparently taken the germinal idea of the sexually sordid as an arena for spiritual agon, an idea that Bresson got from one of *his* models, Dostoevsky. In *Taxi Driver*, which Schrader wrote, a psychopath, obsessed with the purging of filth, tries to rescue a trapped child prostitute. In *Hardcore*, which Schrader wrote and directed, a man rescues his daughter who has sunk into the pornographic film world. Now Schrader has written and directed *American Gigolo* where the protagonist himself is a prostitute.

Very little in the film is sensational. Schrader wanted to show us the life of a good-looking young man in Beverly Hills who makes a comfy living by providing sex to, mostly, wealthy women and who takes his profession seriously as a means of solace for those in need. Love has not figured in his life; when it appears, it rearranges his values. The material isn't hopeless, but the film doesn't succeed because of several misfires.

The first is Richard Gere in the central role. Gere, now on Broadway in *Bent*, is good-looking in a freehand, unarticulated way, but the closest he can come to depth is earnestness. His inadequacy is underscored by that of Lauren Hutton as the rich wife who is first his client, then his lover. Hutton, who used to be an advertising model trying to act, is now a fading advertising model trying to act.

Better casting could have helped somewhat, the way John Travolta, in a comparable stud role, helped a little the abysmal *Moment by Moment*. But Schrader's script simply doesn't provide a drama of realization. I don't mean a "come to realize" ending: I mean the sort of theme addressed in Bresson's *Pickpocket*: realization of what it means spiritually to live outside conventional morality, the risks of *enlightenment* that it can entail. All that happens in *American Gigolo* is the plot. Gere gets framed for a murder charge, goes through hell, and finally kills the man who framed him—although he changes his mind after he pushes the man over a balcony railing and tries to save him. This last looks like a producer's afterthought to keep Gere looking good. Someone sees him try belatedly to save the man so he escapes a second murder rap. But the whole idea of real sin replacing false imputation of it is thus destroyed.

Schrader directs fairly well, but he lays on color filters a bit too freely, making scenes dominantly red or blue. Inserts of empty topography—a rooftop, a street—suggestive of Ozu, who is also in Schrader's book, are egregious, part of the picture he didn't make. I wouldn't rush to condemn Schrader for selling out his picture because I'm not sure he could have made it in any case. All that *American Gigolo* contains is a hint of serious ambition.

Imagination vs. reason.

The Dialectical Vision

by Robert L. Heilbroner

The word *dialectics* comes from the Greek term for dialogue, and a residue of give-and-take, of relentless questioning, continues to inform the concept. At the core of all varieties of dialectics, we find a continuation of that incessant querying, that active engagement with the resistant stuff of knowledge, so unforgettably portrayed by Plato in the person and style of Socrates, the great exponent of the dialectical method in classical philosophy.

For Marxism, the legacy of this Greek sense of a dialectical questioning process resides in an "activist" attitude toward knowledge itself. A Marxian approach to philosophy stresses the production rather than the passive receipt of knowledge—the involvement of the act of inquiry in shaping, as well as in discovering, knowledge. Because Marxian dialectics maintains that knowledge is not bestowed but won, it maintains that there is a deep, and indeed indissoluble, bond between what the Greeks called *praxis* or action, and *theoria* or thought—between "doing" and "thinking." Thus, the unity of theory and practice that is an integral element of the Marxist commitment to socialism finds its roots in the dialectical insistence that "philosophizing" can only be validated by some kind of activity.

How does a dialectical vision of things differ from a non-dialectical one? Here we must pay heed to another Greek root of dialectical thought, exemplified by Heraclitus, the famous originator of the problem of stepping twice into the "same" river. From this point of view we derive a second basic idea of dialectics, as profoundly important as it is elusive. This is that the ultimate and irreducible nature of all reality is motion, not rest, and that to depict things as static or changeless is to disregard or violate the essence of their being. In this idea of imminent change as the fundamental nature of reality, we can already discover both an advantage for dialectics—a perception not available from a non-dialectical standpoint—and a limitation.

The advantage is immediately obvious. A Heraclitean depiction of the universe, with its emphasis on the changefulness of all things, strikes the Western mind as an intuitively right approach to reality, in tune with our temperament, our understanding of things. The difficulty comes when we try to subject this intuitively right grasp of things to systematic examination. Then we find that the very characteristic of changefulness that commends a dialectical viewpoint to our imaginations renders it awkward for our cognitive faculties. It is difficult to "think" about change, even if it is natural to imagine it. Heraclitus's river is much more easily discussed in its infinite instants of motionlessness than in its single trajectory of movement.

Robert L. Heilbroner holds the Norman Thomas chair of Political and Social Sciences at the New School for Social Research in the graduate faculty. A longer version of this essay will appear in *Marxism: For and Against*, to be published next month by W. W. Norton.

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an "adjoining room"—in Petersburg
where, coincident
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of two phantom events,
and your obituary
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a hiding away, a vanishing.
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—pity must blur the whole
in bloating the detail,
irony diminish all
for clarity's small sake.
"Elderly," "penniless," "exacting,"
shyest of all the entries in
the who's who in solitude
—how *is* one to place
an exemplary irrelevance?—
half-expunged, fugitive, yet familiar,
like the brother of a famous face,
and even less than ink on paper
—Eberheim, I think of you!

Irving Feldman

Thus, if there is a natural resonance between the dialectical "vision" of existence and our psychological processes, there is a difficulty in subjecting this vision to intellectual inspection. In this disjunction between the imaginative and the ratiocinative properties of our minds lies an important insight, I believe, into the problem of dialectics. Already it makes clear that a dialectical approach offers an entrée into the possible nature of things that is blocked to view from a nondialectical perspective; but it also makes clear that the vision we gain cannot easily be turned to use by the normal procedures of our inquiring minds.

II

The conception of the universe as inherently changeful readies us for the next step in the definition of Marxian dialectics. We must now move from Greek origins to the work of Hegel, without question the philosopher who exercised the greatest influence over Marx himself and over the subsequent development of a Marxian dialectics.

Hegel's thought is profound and forbidding, an elaboration on an immense scale of the ideas of Being and Becoming, which manifest themselves through all of nature and history in a vast process of self-transcendence called the dialectic. Marx was greatly influenced by the grandeur and internal dynamics of Hegel's scheme, although not by the primacy that it accorded to *logos*, or pure thought. Describing Hegel as "that mighty thinker," Marx

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emphasized that his own version of the dialectical method rested on the world of material things, not on that of thought.

But if Marx turned Hegel upside down, he also retained an idea central to the Hegelian notion of dialectics. This was a conception of change as consisting not in mere movement or displacement, enlargement or diminution, but in qualitative alteration. In turn this qualitative alteration arose not from the impingement of "forces" on inert things—that would still rest ultimately on a static conception of reality—but from a universal changefulness located "within" things that Hegel called contradiction.

In ordinary speech contradiction has a clear meaning: we cannot properly make two assertions with regard to something if one assertion denies the other. Thus we cannot say that a stone exists and that it does not exist, referring to the same stone at the same instant. Or rather, if we do make such an assertion, we forfeit any possibility of carrying on what we call a "reasoned" discussion, for one could then assert any number of incompatible and inconsistent things.

This kind of logical contradiction is not, however, the meaning of contradiction that applies to dialectics. In dialectics, the word does not refer to the simultaneous assertion and denial of the existence of static things; instead, it refers to the nature of those conflicting elemental processes that are believed to constitute the essence of reality itself. As a first rough description of what such a "contradiction" implies, we can resort to another famous Hegelian phrase—"the unity of opposites." Contradictions therefore refer to the idea that all of reality is changeful because it consists, in its very innermost being, of the unstable coexistence and successive resolution of incompatible forces. Thus the fundamental concept of Being itself implies Nonbeing; and from this joining of opposites there issues forth its resolution, Becoming—which also contains a similar contradiction and resolution.

We can see that an affinity exists between this general dialectical vision and the tendencies that Marxism will discover in history—an affinity between the contradiction-laden idea of change as Hegel sees it, and the idea of the disruptive yet creative unfolding central to the Marxist analysis of history. Thus, even though Marxism is not a "philosophy," it is powerfully affected by its philosophic premises; and its dialectic vantage point conditions, even if it does not fully determine, its social perspective.

III

As we shall see, the notion of contradiction gives us insights with respect to Being and Becoming in society—that is, insights into history. But there is also an illumination provided by the idea of contradiction at a simpler level: it enables us to perceive the complex, relational nature of ideas or entities that appear to the undialectical eye as simple or self-contained.

Hegel gives us a famous example of this elucidatory power in his discussion of the terms Master and Servant. The very concept of Master, he shows, implies the opposite of such a concept in the Servant, one who is mastered. Without the idea of one, we cannot form the idea of the other, although each idea "by itself" is the contradiction (the "negation," in Hegel's terminology) of the other. Note that this use of contradiction does not assert that a Master "is" and "is not," which would involve us in the same absurdity as making that assertion about a stone. Rather, the point is that a Master is a being who can only be defined or understood by using a concept that is its meaningful opposite or negation. Without Servants there are no Masters, and vice versa. The relational complexity opened up by a dialectical examination of the world is still, however, a somewhat static application of the idea of contradiction. Closer to the Marxist usage of the term is its application to the flux and change characteristic of the social world. Here the category that corresponds in its

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Sir Cyril Burt at age 64.

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relational complexity to a "concept" is "process"—a sequence of events. The dialectical perspective allows us to call certain processes "contradictory" because they unfold in ways that are both integral to, and yet destructive of, the processes themselves.

An instance may make this clear. In Marx's own work, the concept of contradiction plays its most important role in analyzing the vast sociohistoric process of capitalism itself. For the idea of contradiction enables us to see that there is a certain dialectical "logic" to its historic tendencies, insofar as they emerge from and reflect the contradictory nature of the system. Perhaps the most famous of these self-negating tendencies is one that Marx discovers in the very core subprocess of the system, its accumulation of capital. It is in the nature of capitalism, as Marx describes it, that it must seek to expand, whether through business growth, by the search for new ways to increase profits, or in financial operations to increase money capital. As we shall later see, the struggle for expansion is an integral and inextricable element in the evolution of capitalism as a period of history. At the same time, however, this expansive aspect is constantly undermining the viability of the larger system. The necessity for business growth, for instance, creates the conditions of "anarchic" rivalry that threaten the system with crisis. The insatiable thirst for profits drives the business system into mechanization that augments profits in the short run, but that eliminates them in the long run.

This analysis sees the process of capitalism as not merely beset by "problems," but as beset by problems that are the underside of its "successes." In this way, a dialectical perspective, with its central idea of contradiction, reveals the connectedness of social events that might otherwise seem to be only accidentally conjoined.

It is well, however, that we conclude this exploration of the strengths of a dialectical perspective with two warnings. The first is that the presence of conflicts within social processes does not in itself suffice to establish these conflicts as contradictions. The social world, like the natural world, is full of opposing forces, most of which have no more "contradictory" significance than the chance encounter of two particles or the clash of two wills. Contradictions refer only to those oppositions that are both necessary for, and yet destructive of, particular processes or entities.

Thus the task of a dialectical inquiry is not to make sweeping statements about the omnipresence of contradictions, but to identify the particular contradictory tendencies, if any, within a given social process. This is not a matter to be taken for granted when beginning from a dialectical point of view.

Dialectics provides an angle of vision, a lens through which to view society, but it does not predetermine what will be discovered there. These strictures apply in particular to the use of a dialectical vocabulary by some Marxists to establish the very problem that ought to be demonstrated. To use the word contradiction loosely, applying it to conflicts that have not been shown to be both necessary for the maintenance and decisive for the destruction of a social process, is to waste the real strength of a dialectical philosophy by debasing it into mere rhetoric.

The second warning is that a dialectical approach in itself sheds no light on the actual sequences of events through which contradictory tendencies work themselves out. Even if a dialectical perspective enables one unfailingly to identify the forces of contradiction in any social situation, it does not describe the sequential happenings by which the contradiction works its effects on the social system. For example, the insight that the emergence of large-scale organized enterprise is both an apotheosis of capitalism and an entering wedge of socialism does not describe the particular ways in which large-scale enterprise grows, or the specific manner in which it will affect the ongoing "metabolism" of capitalism, or the precise fashion in which its technology or organization may become the foundation for a planned economic system. Thus the dialectical perspective affords insight into relationships, but not into causal sequences.

IV

We have heretofore emphasized the "activist" search for knowledge with its interdependence of theory and practice; the "vision" of an immanently changeful reality; and the idea of contradiction within the categories and processes of social existence. All these are meanings that dialectics carries for Marxism. Now we must add a final dimension of meaning having to do with the pursuit of truth, namely the method by which inquiry is carried out.

The distinctive contribution that dialectics makes to methodology consists of its approach to the problem of forming concepts. Marx himself gives us perhaps the most brilliant example of this method when he asks, in the *Grundrisse*, how we can form the ideas with which political economy will operate.

> It seems to be correct [he writes] to begin with the real and the concrete, . . . thus to begin in economics, with e.g. the population which is the foundation and the subject of the entire social act of production.
>
> However on closer examination this proves false. The population proves an abstraction if I leave out, for example, the classes of which it is composed. These classes in turn are an empty phrase if I am not familiar with the elements on which they rest, e.g. wage labor, capital, etc. These latter in turn presuppose exchange, division of labor, prices, etc. . . .
>
> Thus if I were to begin with the population, this would turn out to be a chaotic conception of the whole. I would then . . . move analytically toward ever simpler concepts, from the imagined concrete towards even thinner abstractions until I arrived at the simplest determinations. From there the journey would have to be retraced until I had finally arrived at the population again, but this time not as a chaotic conception of a whole, but as a rich totality of many determinations and relations.

On the face of it, this procedure is clear enough. It involves a regress from superficial surface appearances to their underlying elements, followed by a

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reconstruction of the original datum in a much fuller context. The difficulty arises when we seek the method to implement the methodology—the specific instructions, the algorithms, the handbook of instructions for realizing each step along the road toward abstraction or back to concreteness. For then we discover that crucially important decisions must be made at each stage—deciding which abstract elements to pursue, disentangling "decisive" connections from accidental ones, specifying the process of analysis or reconstitution, judging the final result for its usefulness. What criteria shall we use in deciding, for instance, whether the population should originally be analyzed as consisting of two social classes, or three, or more? Such questions cannot be sidestepped if the result of the dialectical methodology is to be defensible against attacks from empirical or other points of departure.

Thus, as before, a dialectical approach yields a rich harvest for the imagination, but a scanty one for exact analysis. As an example of the insight it can offer, we should take note of Marx's profound analysis of "the individual"—the analytic focus of so much non-Marxist social science—as "the ensemble of social relations." What appears to be the concrete entity of *an individual* can easily be shown to be a "chaotic conception" unless we pierce the facade of the solitary being to its social roots, and then reconstitute the individual as a person embedded in, and expressing, the social forces of a particular society. At the same time, the procedures for moving from the naive conception of the individual to his or her social determination and back again are left unspecified, so that two dialectical methodologists may well arrive at two different "rich totalities" of the final result—one, for example, emphasizing the socioeconomic roots of gender differences, the other stressing the sociopsychological roots of the same phenomenon.

To be sure, there is an unavoidable element of arbitrariness in all methods of pursuing empirical knowledge. At best we can minimize that arbitrariness by imposing certain rules on the procedure we are allowed to follow. One of these, for instance, is the rule of ordinary logic—a rule that applies equally to dialectical and nondialectical thought. As we have seen, dialectics asserts that contradictions exist, but not in a sense that would violate the precepts of straightforward logic which prevent us from saying Yes and No simultaneously.

Another rule is that of science, which demands that the methods we follow be defensible by certain established canons of procedure. Here, too, Marxian dialectics joins with other approaches to knowledge in insisting on the "scientific" nature of its own procedures, but it differs from other approaches in the way it defines science.

The positivist scientist penetrates surface phenomena to arrive at underlying truths in the forms of "laws" of nature, but his task is one of peering through *random* disturbances to discover regularities presumably concealed within nature. The dialectical observer, on the contrary, tries to find real essences (not mere regularities), such as contradictory relations, by penetrating the *systematic* distortions imposed upon us by society.

These distortions—religious, political, social, economic—affect our vision in ways of which we are mainly unaware. The primary task of the dialectically minded social scientist, accordingly, is to inform us as to the presence and nature of our systematic misperceptions, so that we can discern essences where we would otherwise be deceived by appearances. The target of a dialectical methodology is therefore illusion or delusion, not simple ignorance.

Nonetheless, something is lacking in this penetrative method. It is the same lack we have noted before, namely, a rule for separating valid procedures from invalid ones; a test, however difficult to achieve in fact, that would enable us to discard some dialectical results as false. The dialectical approach to methodology leaves us with no means of appraising its results other than by the tests of conventional science, or those of ordinary logic.

The consequence is that Marxism has an uneasy relation to present-day positivist science. It scoffs at the "blatant empiricism" that is the credo of most social science, which it bitingly describes as gathering and collating facts with no theoretical vision to give them meaning and coherence. This is true enough. Yet a Marxist diagnosis of social events is repeatedly forced to establish its own "scientific" nature by subjecting its conclusions to the only testing procedures that we know—namely, those of empirical, positivist-oriented methods.

An illustration may be useful here. Two of Marx's most striking pro-

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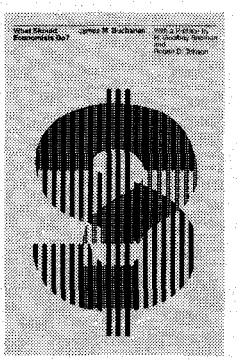

What Should Economists Do?

By James M. Buchanan

This collection brings together Buchanan's important essays on method, many of them previously unpublished. Such a volume, note H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison in their preface, "provides relatively easy access to a group of significant papers on methodology in economics, written by a man whose work has spawned a methodological revolution in the way economists and other scholars think about government and governmental activity."

James M. Buchanan is University Distinguished Professor and General Director of the Center for Study of Public Choice, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. As a founder of the burgeoning subdiscipline of public choice, and as a public finance theorist and father of a modern school of public finance, Buchanan's work has had worldwide recognition.

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nouncements, both grounded in his dialectical analysis of the contradictions of capitalism, were the tendency of capital to agglomerate in ever larger masses and the tendency of the population to be reduced to the status of dependent wage earners. Both have been amply demonstrated by history. The "vindication" of these insights, however, rests entirely on recourse to ordinary empirical methods of observation and testing. Take, now, the dialectical insight that the rise of massive enterprise also creates the structural framework for socialism. There has been neither confirmation nor disconfirmation of this contradiction. Until we have such a test, however, it would be difficult even for Marxists to call the insight "scientific," in the sense of penetrating to the essence of things, for we do not yet know if this is the essence of things.

V

We have seen that dialectics can be described in several distinct although related ways: as a stance toward the acquisition of knowledge; as a conception of existence that stresses its fundamental and irreducible element of changefulness; as a conception of social entities that reveals them to be a unity of "contradictory opposites"; and as a method of forming concepts as a "rich totality of many determinations," obtained by an interpretative rather than a purely empirical approach to scientific investigation.

It must be apparent that these different meanings of dialectics operate on different planes. Its conceptions of the changeful and contradictory character of the universe are assumptions about the nature of reality. Its active stance and its methodological procedures concern the mode of investigation required to investigate nature as conceived in a dialectical way. And beyond these definitions lies yet another formulation of dialectics, largely confined to Marx's own writings—a formulation that seeks a distinctive method of presentation, designed to reveal the appearances and the essences of its subject matter.

In different ways, and with different applications, all these various approaches to, and meanings of, a dialectical philosophy seem to me to validate it as a mode of thought and to clarify its essential contributions to Marxism. Yet it is also clear that all these dialectical approaches bring with them a sharp sense of limitation. The dialectical view of existence as inherently changeful is intuitively attractive, but intellectually elusive. The identification of contradiction as an element of social reality yields new possibilities for social dissection, but it gives us no means of identifying what those contradictions are. A dialectical methodology has not found a way of reconciling its suggestive mode of forming concepts or of formulating the task of science with its continued reliance on nondialectical techniques to test the validity of its concepts or its science in use.

The question to be faced, then, is whether we can explain this curiously two-sided aspect of dialectics, at once so rich and so poor, so useful and so useless, so powerful and so impotent. I think there is an explanation, if we return to the contrast between the appeal to our imagination and the frustration of our intelligence that we noted at the outset.

Thinking itself is not a single kind of activity. For the purposes of philosophic or scientific investigation we can distinguish at least two types of thinking on which we lean heavily in our efforts to organize or to manipulate the world conceptually. The first consists of that body of commonsense knowledge, formed out of experience or learned secondhand, that enables us to deal with life on terms of familiarity. This commonsense organization of thought, by which we "know" that stones fall and trees grow, forms the basis for those more abstract conventions and conjectures to which we give the philosophic names of causality, chance, and identity.

Commonsense generalization, acquired in the universal process of socialization, is not, however, the only mode of thinking on which we depend heavily. There is also that extremely powerful kind of thinking that "obeys" those rules of syntax and word sequence we call logic. When we perform the activity we call thinking, we frequently have recourse to those rules that define for us which sequences of utterance are legitimate or right, and which are illegitimate or wrong.

Now what is interesting about logical thought is that, once having been mastered, its rules master us. Having learned the rules of identity or transitivity, we find it impossible to disavow them. Indeed, it is much easier to lie—to distort deliberately what one hears or sees—than to forswear the veracity of a proper syllogism. Since this logic has to be learned, as we have just said, we can only suppose that in some manner the rules of logic reflect the manner in which most adult minds "work."

Together, the commonsense organization of data and the obedience to canonical or logical rules of utterance describe a great deal of the activity we call rational discourse. They do not, however, embrace all our mental activities. Another very important source of knowledge is our ability to perform such mental feats as suddenly "seeing the point" of something (what the psychologists call the "aha!" sensation), or discerning patterns, resemblances, or other relationships that are not discoverable by common sense or by formally structured logic. The emotions aroused in us by such things as crowns, flags, mementos, etc.; or our ability to relate such wholly separate things as the flight of a bird and the idea of freedom, or the sound of music and military victory are all instances of this powerful and protean human capacity.

Such insights, metaphors, associations, flights of fancy, and the like impart a vast energy to psychic life. Indeed, I would venture that all that is "creative"—all that is a departure from received ideas or utterances—derives from this universally shared capability. Our ability to organize data into

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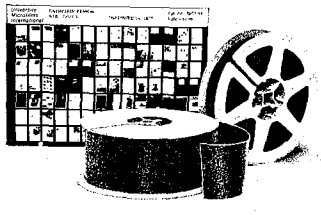

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generalizations does not lead to novel ideas, but tends to solidify and routinize past experience; our pursuit of logic is, by definition, bounded by rules that imperiously exert their sway. In sharp contrast, every novel conception or generalization, every invention of a new rule for logic, every new "image" of thought we owe to the mysterious psychic processes that accompany, but are distinct from, discursive thought. Metaphors and images and insights bubble up "from below." We have no control over their generation or their acuity, whereas we do not feel so much at the mercy of uncontrollable forces when we try to think in commonsense or formal ways. Imagination takes us by surprise, in a manner that cannot ordinarily be said of thinking.

I have taken this detour because I believe that formal dialectics, in all its different forms, is an effort to capture and to reduce to communicable discourse this inventive psychic capacity.

The connections are, I believe, twofold. First, much "creative" thought hinges on the possibility of discovering analogies, linkages, syntheses, between hitherto separated entities. This "leaping" from one thought to another is analogous to the idea of relationship, so central to dialectical philosophy.

Second, unlike common sense or logic, intuitive thought (to give a name to the spectrum of imaginative psychic activities) is often ambiguous and "contradictory." Freud, for example, remarks that symbols emerging from the unconscious are laden with ambivalent meanings—love and hate, male and female, etc. Here, as in dialectics, ambivalence refers to "unities" that can only be understood by the interpenetration and support of mutually exclusive concepts. (Freud also remarked on the tendency of certain words to possess contradictory meanings: "Cleave," for example, means both to sunder and to cling.)

The hypothesis, then, is that dialectics is at bottom an effort to systematize, or to translate into the realm of manageable, "static" thought, the creative energies of certain unconscious or preconscious processes. This hypothesis gives us some clue as to why the exposition of dialectics leaves us satisfied at one level of our minds while dissatisfied at another. Its ideas of flux, contradiction, essence, remain elusive in terms of ordinary reasoned discourse. Worse, the attempt to translate these terms into the structures of ordinary exposition either desiccates them—reducing dialectics to a set of definitions that can be riddled by the application of common sense or logic—or indicates their nondiscursive meaning by an allusive use of words, by recondite vocabularies, by italics that inject a suggestive tone of voice into prose, etc. Ambiguity, the bane of positivism, is the very essence of dialectics.

The result is the blurred and imprecise exposition—blurred and imprecise according to the criteria of common sense or logic—that caused Pareto to remark in exasperation that Marx's words were like bats: to some, mice; to others, birds. This is a statement that Bertell Ollman, who has strongly emphasized the relational core of dialectics, has called a profound insight into the truth.

The same nondiscursive aspect of dialectics accounts, I suspect, for the extraordinary difficulties in communication that have been manifest among writers in this mode. The straightforward transmission of thought is encumbered by a seemingly inescapable tendency to obscurity and indirection. Finally, in the hands of less skilled writers it has produced that disorderly use of words and that talismanic resort to special vocabularies that has made of "dialectics" an excuse for bad thought or an empty token of Marxist identity.

This nondiscursive capacity of mind from which I believe dialectics draws its strength poses a genuine difficulty for Marxism. The difficulty is that the very elements that generate clear communication in ordinary discourse—the relatively clear-cut languages of common sense and logic—are ill-qualified for the presentation of a dialectical view with its focus on the ideas of flux, contradiction, interpretation, etc. The result is a disturbing choice. To use the language of discursive thought (that is, the language built on empirical generalizations and logic) is to use a language that rules out the very ambiguities, Janus-like meanings, and metaphorical referents that are the *raisons d'être* of a dialectical view. Dialectics seeks to tap levels of awareness that defy the syntaxes of common sense and logic. To present dialectics as a set of generalizations derived from empirical observation, or as an exercise in logic, is to betray the very purpose for which dialectics exists.

On the other hand, to eschew the language of reasoned discourse confines dialectics to the realm of statements for which no rules of procedure can be found. Dialectical statements may be as valid or important as those of common sense or logic, but their meanings are poorly communicated at the level of what we call rational explanation. From this deep-seated and far-reaching difficulty, I do not believe there is an escape. The philosophy of dialectics imparts insights and perceptions to Marxism, but these gifts are, by the nature of the psychic processes to which they owe their existence, resistant to examination by the conventional modes of rational thought.

Fantastic Invasion: Africa in the 1980s
by Patrick Marnham

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10.95)

Jack London and Stephen Crane roamed the world adventurously, as had Melville, Mark Twain, and Walt Whitman, in spirit at least. It was a tradition flowing out of the American frontier that writers should knock about the geography of the earth a bit—picked up again between the two world wars by Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe. British novelists and diarists had long engaged in the same sort of indefatigable traveling, though from an older, imperial point of view. The world was their oyster and they explored it.

What has happened, of course, is that Raj and frontier alike are gone and British and American influence have waned in the world. Great Britain's diminished sooner, but as her confidence soured and shrunk, there was no falling off at all in the readiness with which British writers still took ship—George Orwell, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Robert Graves, Somerset Maugham, Lawrence Durrell. Their perceptions changed, but they continued to send back a nonpareil tattoo of personal reports.

Our writers, however, to a remarkable degree have pulled in their horns.

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Treasures of Ancient Nigeria
text by Ekpo Eyo and Frank Willett

(Knopf, in association with The Detroit Institute of Arts; $18.95)

Nigeria is sharing 100 of its sculpture treasures with the world for the first time. They will be shown at the Detroit Institute of Arts, the San Francisco Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, but everyone can see all of them in 136 splendid photographs (53 in color) in this stunning book. Many of them discovered only within the last 40 years, the sculptures represent the art of more than seven cultures, ranging from the Nok terracotta sculptures (dated to 500 BC) to the Benin bronzes (dated from the 14th century to 1897). The wide variety of sculptural styles and the diverse materials—brass, soapstone, ivory, in addition to bronze and terracotta—are evidence of a rich artistic tradition, which has only just begun to be studied.

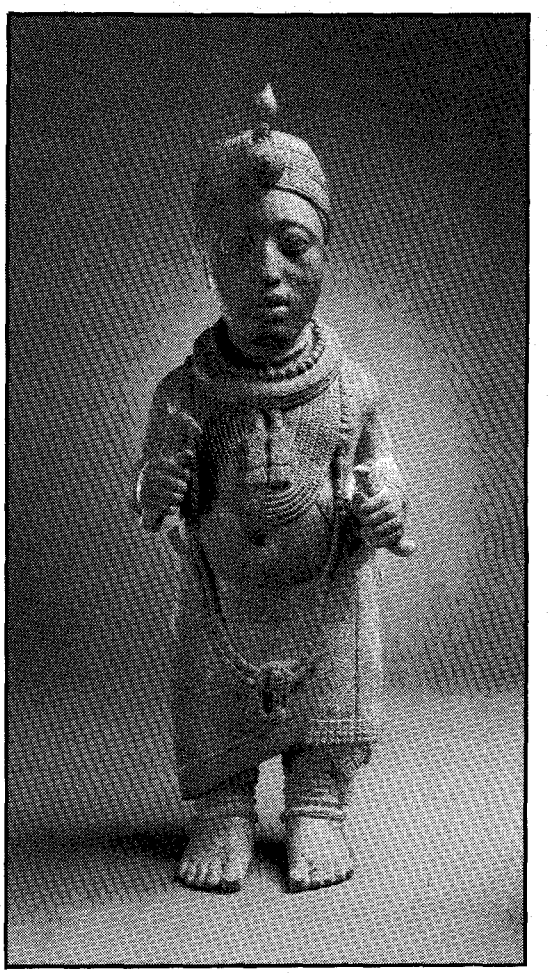
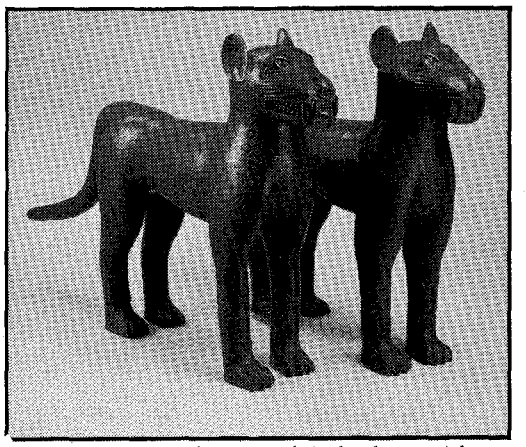


Figure of an Oni (early 14th/early 15th century), zinc brass



Leopard water vessels (mid-16th century), bronze

Norman Mailer and Truman Capote (who might have made a good Lafcadio Hearn) find venturing forth from New York to Utah or Kansas quite exotic enough. Saul Bellow wrote his African novel, *Henderson the Rain King*, without ever having set foot there, so that Henderson, who is perhaps his most brilliant character creation, must act within a muzzy, unmemorable setting. We are a continental nation, accustomed to the idea that all manner of adventure and opportunity can be found right here. We are also a nation of immigrants, which in recent decades has meant that an enormous outlay of artistic energy has been devoted to recording the anxieties and difficulties of each new group settling in—not many writers being inclined in the meantime to look out across the ocean so soon. In addition, many writers since 1948 have had an obsessive and finally reclusive preoccupation with Israel's foreign-policy concerns, so that for years among our intellectual community vast stretches of the globe could have been marked "Void" or "Unexplored." In any case, there has been an ingrained prejudice in this isolated country against other continents. Dogs and gangsters were called "Turk," and urchins "street arabs," long before we had a special quarrel with Islam in the Middle East. Because we were less of an imperial power, it was a prejudice that had less overt effect than British arrogance, but a deeper ignorance was involved. Britons from every walk of life at least had been to Africa (or wherever), whereas until lately the very notion of traveling there, except in the Melville-Jack London style of a dangerous adventure, would have flabbergasted most Americans.

Part of the growing popularity of the writer V. S. Naipaul among intellectuals here is that—quite apart from his prodigious talents as a novelist—in books like *A Bend in the River* he reassures them that their preconceptions are correct, that the southern hemisphere is indeed a moral moonscape, a planet disintegrating, and that they would have been wasting their time if during these past 30 years they had gone to see for themselves. American businessmen, benefiting from their usual indifference to the positions intellectuals take, have been less xenophobic, less provincial—one may meet them almost anywhere. Nevertheless, by the trickle-down process, a stay-at-home intellectual community has resulted in stay-at-home journalism, a press that travels only belatedly and as a thundering herd, so that as a nation we are perpetually astonished after the fact at whatever goes on in the world. The voice in the first television news narration from such an outpost as Yemen or Afghanistan is likely to be British, and Londoners will have read about what's really happening long before American papers print a word.

In books, too, we hear about the outside world from British-oriented voices—Bruce Chatwin in Patagonia, Jonathan Raban in Arabia, the American expatriate and Graham Greene-disciple Paul Theroux, and the émigré Naipaul brothers. Some, like Raban and Theroux, are mainly yea-sayers; others are not. (Shiva Naipaul's *North of South*, published last spring, is not so much gloomy in the view it takes of Africa as gloating, perfunctory, and mean-

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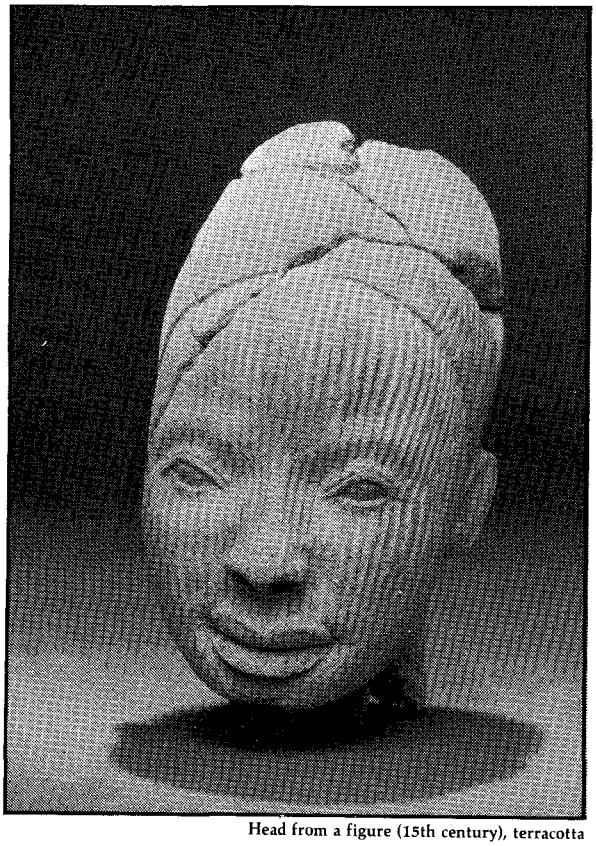
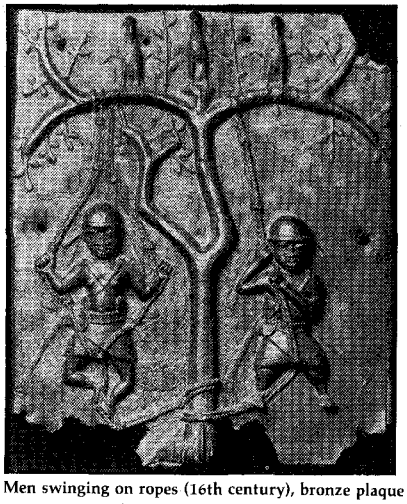
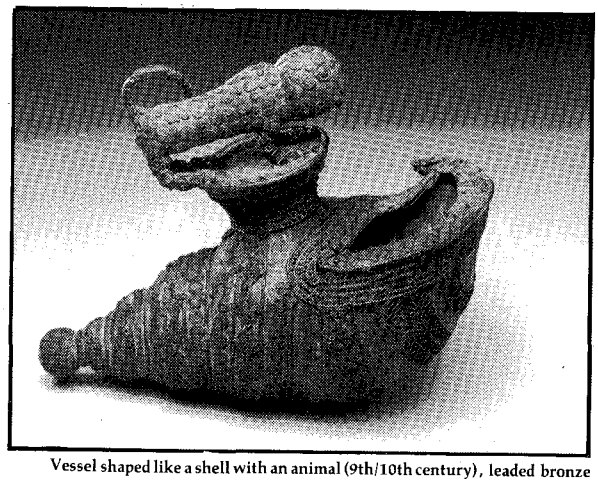


Head from a figure (15th century), terracotta



Men swinging on ropes (16th century), bronze plaque



Vessel shaped like a shell with an animal (9th/10th century), leaded bronze

spirited, a wholly different performance from V. S.'s grand and dazzling dirge.)

Patrick Marnham in *Fantastic Invasion* stands with the nay-sayers, though he is massively informative, presenting in British-laconic style an extraordinary, if unbalanced, store of material drawn from both English- and French-speaking Africa. His is a picture of tribal and civil war, merciless, manic politics, collapsing transport services, and hopeless economic chaos, famine, and onrushing environmental disaster. Through hundreds of apparently eyewitness tales, his theme is that if only the invading European and American "Northerners" would go back where they came from, tribal Africa would be able to straighten itself out—although, on the contrary, every *other* of his stories seems to illustrate how badly Africans have done when left to themselves; how, since colonial days, the continent has run downhill. Because of his method of indirect testimony, we have no sure way to distinguish which particular zany horrors on the road to various capitals he witnessed himself, and which he heard about from pub companions and friends. Still, Marnham is a graceful writer, able to describe how bathawks hunt and hippos chuckle late at night along the upper Nile, or victory-by-faith at a Dakar wrestling match, and the zig-zag mentality of Idi Amin.

Portentously ending his book with the Uganda chapter, as though instead of a worst-case instance this was the archetype of independent Africa, he catalogues nearly everything that has gone wrong everywhere over the course of the past decade, examples which if examined separately are accurate enough, so far as they go, but, taken together, add up to less than the parts. We hear of skirmishes between Samburu and Turkana tribesmen in Kenya's Northern Frontier district, and how sometimes, in Nairobi, bus passengers will beat their driver to death after an accident—but no mention of the peaceful transfer of power from the Kenyatta family to an unaffiliated vice president, Daniel Arap Moi (after Jomo Kenyatta's death)—an event of momentous and central significance that flew in the face of many dire predictions. We learn of the executions President Nimeiri of the Sudan imposed upon his foes after a bloody coup attempt in 1976, but not of the sweeping and far more noteworthy amnesty Nemeiri declared in 1977, releasing 1200 opponents who had fought him from the right and left. We hear about the pirates who board and pillage merchant ships in Lagos harbor, but get no inkling of the triumphant transition from military rule to civilian democratic government that occurred in Nigeria last fall.

These omissions strike me as irresponsible. Nor are the four African countries I have visited in the past four years depicted adequately. And Marnham fails to make clear his conclusions on important subjects. After showing that famine aid from international organizations had undermined the agricultural self-sufficiency of several countries, and that immunization programs can sometimes cause a loss of natural resistance to endemic diseases, which then wreak havoc once the artificial help has been withdrawn—he seems to advocate a Malthusian solution: no famine assistance, no health programs. After detailing with humor

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the follies of some of the European wildlife conservationists who operate in Kenya, again he simply appears to suggest that all efforts at conservation should cease forthwith.

Any traveler in Africa has a favorite target he would like to see debunked. It might be the sort of UN technical expert who flies into the starving sub-Sahel region drawing down a salary of $4000 a week, or the Leakey dynasty of self-publicizing anthropologists, or a Joy Adamson type of lion-lover. All "get theirs" satisfyingly in Marnham's compilation. (Albert Schweitzer, on the other hand, being sufficiently out of fashion, is put back on his pedestal.) Altogether, Marnham's reservoir of references is impressive, but to blame practically everything, even the southward march of the Sahara, for example, on "Northern" tampering, is absurd.

This will be a book praised for the wrong reasons. It will give comfort to American xenophobia. My yearning for a revival of the American tradition of foreign adventure is that the democratic exuberance of a Melville, a Twain, or a Whitman will somehow speak again. The world has not yet outdistanced us. Enough clever, world-weary, British astringence already.

Edward Hoagland

Edward Hoagland is author of *The Edward Hoagland Reader* and *African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan*, both published by Random House last fall.

The Life of Katherine Mansfield
by Anthony Alpers
(Viking Press; $16.95)

From this end of the 20th century, Katherine Mansfield, the New Zealand girl who found her way into London's literary life before and after World War I, now appears like a diaphanous ghost rather than a creature of flesh and blood. She was a bright and questing provincial who possessed more feeling, and many more intensities, than she was equipped to handle—and more often than not ended by steeping them in bathos and sentiment. But a very real little flame of art burned within. Critics at the time compared her short stories with Chekhov, but this was a lame judgment. Mansfield lacked that depth and experience of life, and the assured grasp of it, which Chekhov always gives us. At best she asks none of Chekhov's questions about existence: she can only make a character say "Isn't life?—" and a second character answer "Isn't it."

If her work is now remote and thin, she remains, however, a fine subject for biography—her pilgrimage from Victorian Wellington, New Zealand (those wooden buildings, those empty streets, that air of the rustic and of dreary Sunday afternoons) to metropolitan London; her adolescence in an English school for women (in Harley Street); her sojourn (like Dorothy Richardson) in Germany; her sexual desperations; her picaresque hand-to-mouth life with the ambiguous moralist, John Middleton Murry; and ultimately her retreat to Gurdjieff's mystical and transcendent "Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man" and her early death at 35. Her checkered life as a kind of Hedda Gabler from "down under" contains the stuff of real drama—the remoteness of the provinces, the "tyranny of distance," the reach of Main Street for the metropolis; all this and her own strange quest for selfhood. She was a "chameleon," her biographer tells us, but he doesn't explain his meaning and leaves it to the reader to add up the score. What it means is that she didn't know who she was; and as she flitted from man to man, and also from woman to woman, she was a creature not so much in search of love and an anchorage as one in search of herself. She is that now familiar figure—the many-faced Eve. She liked clothes changes, altered her make-up and her hairstyles, revised her own signatures, changed her name from Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp to Katherine Mansfield, admitted to "pretending to be other people and dressing up," as the painter Carrington testified, and was said to have "a wicked gift for impersonation." Late—too late—at Fontainbleau, she asked herself the fundamental question: "Who am I?" And her stories show that she endlessly pursued—and never found—the answer.

She was the third daughter of an affluent and powerful figure in New Zealand's business and cultural life, whose wife produced five girls in a row before the desired son, Leslie Heron Beauchamp, arrived. Femininity dominated the household, but it was greatly devalued; and we understand Katherine's later giving her lesbian friend Ida Baker her brother's name: it was not so much an incest-fantasy as the unhappy young woman's way of bestowing the name held in highest

Katherine Mansfield

value in the Wellington home where Katherine was reared. Out of this and other shaping forces may be seen Mansfield's struggle to find herself—wandering in Europe with some New Zealand musicians; sleeping around; a pregnancy and miscarriage; and later an operation for "peritonitis" which was in reality a gonorrheal infection.

We see her in various pictures, and in various memories, her face a Japanese mask, but also a woman who flings purple cashmere and black and silver Egyptian shawls around her shoulders and under her arms; who dresses in black for her mysterious marriage to a young man, whom she immediately leaves—another fantasy gone wrong! She sleeps in Paris with Francis Carco, in England with the painter Gertler and it seems with Bertrand Russell; she encounters D.H. Lawrence and his circle and has an ambiguous friendship with Virginia Woolf. At Garsington, Lady Ottoline shrewdly appraises the androgynous nymph; "I should have loved

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to have known this beautiful, secretive but impulsive and emotional woman before she had been hurt and bruised by life, and perhaps before the ambition of being an artist and a great writer, and of using people for that end, had become such an absorbing game."

Since Mansfield's death we have had the publication of every scrap she left behind by the misguided Middleton Murry who also collaborated in a biography of Mansfield's early life which Ruth Mantz published in 1933. Ida Baker's memories have been published in recent years; and there have been several academic lives. The one valuable life we have had was published by Antony Alpers in 1953; as a countryman of Miss Mansfield's and an authority on Polynesia, he seemed the most qualified to tell her story. He has now bravely rewritten his own book—an act of courage dictated, I think, by the abundant new material about Mansfield that has come to us from the archives and the Lawrentian and Bloomsbury outpourings. The result is a volume two-fifths larger than the 1953 life, but also one that is much more cluttered and lacking a story line. Alpers crowds his stage; and he is too involved emotionally with Katherine; he often attempts to justify and explain where factual narrative would suffice.

Facts, as has often been said, need to be interpreted and Alpers surfeits us with more information than coherence and synthesis. His important chapter on Virginia Woolf and Mansfield deteriorates into an attempt to downgrade Virginia because she described the excessively perfumed Katherine as having a "stink like a civet cat." The perfume wasn't cheap, Alpers reminds us, and he has researched it sufficiently to know it was "Genêt Fleuri." Besides, Virginia was a snob. But in thus descending into minutiae, he overlooks Woolf's careful evolution from envy of Katherine and sharp criticism to humane understanding. Knowing her own plunges into unreality, Woolf recognizes that she valued Katherine's "sharpness and reality" and her grasp of sensory material. But the material, she further argues, became lost in Mansfield's shallows. Her mind, says Virginia, was "a very thin soil, laid an inch or two deep upon very barren rock." This is close to the truth, as Alpers's own data reveals.

There is a very strange streak of fantasy in Alpers's biographical self: he inserts a footnote regretting that Mansfield didn't run into Arnold Bennett, who was in a certain place close to where she was; and he becomes almost mystical when he discovers that not far from Katherine Mansfield, at a given moment, Rainer Maria Rilke was writing his "Duino Elegies." Life is full of such coincidences and proximities: that is one of its ironies. But Alpers dissolves this discovery into an "unseen visitation," as if to suggest that Rilke's poetic ghost touched Katherine's, and he sees this as "a strange affinity." Biography cannot afford to indulge in such daydreams. One regrets this all the more when one notices that Alpers shrugs off the history of Katherine Mansfield's early involvement in New Zealand and later in Europe with a Maori girl named Maata Mahupuku. We have to go elsewhere to discover that Maata had eyes of "amazing fiery beauty" and that "her skin looked warm," and that Katherine cherished her memory and dreamed of writing a novel about her. Perhaps that chapter, with its early meeting of East and West on the ground of adolescent passion, deserved a larger place than the one devoted to Mrs. Woolf. Certainly Maata Mahupuku needs more than the brief dismissal given her by Mansfield's countryman and biographer.

Leon Edel

Leon Edel, biographer of Henry James, is author of *Bloomsbury, A House of Lions* (Lippincott).

The Jack Conroy Reader
edited with an introduction by Jack Salzman and David Ray

(Burt Franklin & Co.; $15)

It was natural enough in the days of the railroad for writers to pass through Chicago, and from 1945 to 1955 I often did so, for a few days or a few hours, nor was I alone in receiving the particular hospitality Jack Conroy offered: a meal, a bed, funny talk, vociferous people, an evening at one or another of the more or less literary taverns where people gathered who were mostly young like me to talk about books they had read, books they intended to write, and to condemn the plutocratic literary establishment in New York. All those people looked and sounded terribly radical to me.

In this book Conroy quotes Willard Motley's inscription to him in *Knock on Any Door*—"And I won't forget, Jack, that you gave me my first encouragement when I sent you a short story while you were editing *The New Anvil*. . . ." He must have received that sort of message from many other grateful young writers: I know he received several from me, for he gave me a great boost up toward the idea of imagining myself a writer.

One night I badly failed his wife, Gladys—she who gave him strength down all the dangerous years. Jack and I went off. She had urged me not so much to keep him sober as at least to bring him home safe. At midnight I brought him home. He had not drunk too much. I was triumphant, having fulfilled my promise to Gladys. But when I locked the front door behind us he slipped out the back. His night had now begun.

His house was at 6012 South Green Street. He called it "Conroy's Folly."

Jack Conroy was born at Monkey Nest coal camp, one mile from Moberly, Missouri, in 1889. He moved to Chicago in 1938 and lived there until 1966. Then, significantly, he returned to Moberly, where he and Gladys live now among those memories he has tried to bequeath to America as a stay against complacency. He is one of the deans of our proletarian literature, a national landmark and treasure.

This book before us contains two poems, sketches, stories, memoirs, articles, and essays, composed by Conroy mainly in the 1930s (21 selections), some since 1960 (12), but only two during the decades of the 1940s and 1950s, a period for him of such eclipse that some people thought he was dead. He worked during those years as an editor for an encyclopedia in Chicago. I think he wrote the literary entries. It was a position he often feared he would lose, for the FBI on one hand and private extortionists on the other repeatedly threatened to expose him as a Com-

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munist. Whether or not he was I never knew. He was a collectivist, a unionist, a champion of racial equality, and an exponent of ideological literature addressed to the masses to emancipate them from "the profit system." But the language is his own, arising from an anguish so genuine I gasp to hear of anyone's suggesting that Conroy required a party line to *tell* him how to feel.

> My brother Dan went to work in the mine when he was only twelve. There were nine children at home, and Father had more than he could do to feed us. It was against the law for a boy under sixteen to work in the pit unless he was with his father. But even with his father, the boy miner's cheeks blanch just the same; his shoulders stoop, apparently trying to fold in front of him like an angel's wings; and the hollow asthmatic cough begins before he is twenty—if he dodges rocks that long. . . . When the cage delivered him up to the world of sun and daylight, Dan walked a quarter-mile bowed double before he could straighten his cramped spine. . . .
>
> Mother was frying salt pork when Jimmy Kerns came to tell her about Dan. . . . She sank to a chair, her eyes dry and aching. She never knew the relief of tears. Four miners carried Dan in on a stretcher and eased him on to the couch; but when they had to pull the stretcher from under him, blood gushed from his mouth. He breathed in short jerks, his eyelids fluttering. Mother knelt beside him and held his hand; the palms were just beginning to callus. He was fourteen, but since he went into the mine at twelve his time had been mostly divided between the pit and his bed.
>
> 'Where does it hurt you most, Danny?' mother asked.
>
> He couldn't get the answer out, and in the night I sprang out of bed when Mike Crumley's wife began keening piercingly and our collie howled mournfully and melodiously, as they are said to do always when there is dead in the house. Dan had drawn the sheet off his feet in a final agony, and his toes stood apart like the fingers of a hand. A hemorrhage had finished him. Tim took his place in the mine, for he was already twelve and strong for his age.

Within four years Tim was killed by a rock-fall. Two of Conroy's half-brothers also were killed in the mine: neither boy had lived beyond his teens. One was Joe:

> Our green and gold Summers all too soon came to husk. Boys usually went into the mines with their fathers when they were fourteen or so, sometimes younger than that. Before the frost was out of the ground in March, we were turning out barefoot, and remained unshod until the ground began freezing about the first of November. The mantle of responsibility was already descending on Joe when Mother called him in from playing in the pasture and showed him the heavy miner's shoes he was to wear when he started in the Monkey Nest the next morning.

I heard Conroy say at a literary dinner in Chicago in 1952, in response to a question, that he had stopped writing

Jack Conroy

because he no longer felt any inducement to do so. He was "famous" for his proletarian novels, *The Disinherited* and *A World to Win*; for his editorship of the magazines, *The Rebel Poet*, *The Anvil*, and *The New Anvil*; and for his association with the WPA writers' project. But the part of his experience that had inspired expression—Monkey Nest, Moberly, and the Depression—was over, past, done, and he chose, for whatever reason, not to attempt to carry forward a literary account of his life.

During the silent years he was sometimes cheered and uplifted by notice, by someone's putting him into an anthology, by someone's remembering his books and devoting a few lines to them, but he seemed to accept the idea that he had told the story he was ordained to tell, that his talent was unadaptable to any other subject or era.

Did he correctly assess himself? Other men think better of his work. The editors of this *Reader* are not alone among scholars in their hope for a revival offsetting the "neglect" into which they believe Conroy has fallen. They speak of *The Disinherited* as "one of the neglected classics of American literature" and of Conroy as "a writer and critic of enormous sensitivity and shrewdness." In an essay in 1969 Conroy diffidently observed "a somewhat limited but definite regurgitation of the 1930's and its writers."

Thirty-six years earlier he had expressed his faith in "a separate and distinct proletarian literature" which "with the final and inevitable overthrow of the profit system . . . will blossom into the most glorious renaissance ever known to culture."

This has not happened. Our culture went another way. He admired literature that "any literate worker doesn't need a glossary or a key to comprehend. . . ." His magazine, *The Anvil*, carried as its slogan, "We prefer crude vigor to polished banality." He knew that his magazine "invited the jeers of the more aesthetic urban and academic critics." Thus he came to define himself finally as "a witness to the times rather than a novelist. Mine was an effort to obey Whitman's injunction to 'vivify the contemporary fact.' "

I heard once of a Chicago writer (I forget who) stung by Conroy's accusation that he had "sold out." The writer replied, "Maybe so, but nobody ever made Jack the offer." Both ends of the tale are likely. Conroy's triumph or contribution, the fruit of his witnessing, is akin to his more or less deliberate arrest of his own growth. The contemporary fact he vivified was the slaughter of his brothers, the degradation of his family. With what topical, salable, printable story could a literary man top that? Conroy's memory stood incorruptible, though the Monkey Nest mine is long gone from the face of the earth, and the graves of his family have been obliterated. "The pasture in which we played is now a plowed field, but strewn over it were relics of a past civilization—like the kitchen middens earnestly examined by archaeologists. Some broken crockery, shards of broken bottles, a rusty bolt here and there. The frame houses that stood in a rough semicircle had been perched on wooden posts, long since rotted away or carried away by farmers for firewood."

Some of Conroy's early magazine associates became the *Partisan Review*. In the literary sense *they* survived, not he. Many of his younger acquaintances,

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disciples, guests, or young writers whom he printed went on to greater fame than he: Algren, Caldwell, Steinbeck, Wright. But why should his living advocates wish to promise us literary revival out of the ashes of "neglect"? Like Vachel Lindsay's Altgeld, Conroy lives in mankind, not in a name—"To live in mankind is far, far more . . . than to live in a name."

As I read this book of Conroy's, lines of Saul Bellow from *Humboldt's Gift* forced themselves upon my mind. Charlie Citrine, flying home from New York to Chicago, reads of the death of his one-time friend Humboldt. "He dropped dead in a dismal hotel off Times Square. I, a different sort of writer, remained to mourn him in prosperity out in Chicago."

Mark Harris

Mark Harris is a novelist and critic. His most recent novel is *It Looked Like For Ever* (McGraw-Hill).

Women in Western Political Thought by Susan Moller Okin

(Princeton University Press; $22)

Political rhetoric often seems to seize on the flashy, the topical, and the noisy, even at the expense of the quieter but more crucial issues on which the character and direction of fundamental political change are likely to turn. Thus feminism has moved vigorously to criticize and rewrite the "obstacle race" history of literature (Kate Millet or Elaine Showalter), psychology (Juliet Mitchell or Joanna Rohrbaugh), war and rape (Susan Brownmiller), film (Molly Haskell), and most recently art (Germaine Greer). Yet it has left virtually untouched the tradition most explicitly engaged in theorizing about the role of women in politics and society—namely, political philosophy.

It is in political philosophy that men have most expressly elaborated, justified, and defended their opinions about women and power (or powerlessness). Political philosophy poses questions about the definition of public and private, about the political implications of the debate between nature and artifice, and about the complex relations that obtain among individuals, families, civil societies, and states—relations which in turn depend crucially on the construction of human nature, both male and female. In sum, political philosophy is the explicit record of our civilization's attempt to think rationally and critically about its fundamental political arrangements and the role of women and men in those arrangements.

Strange to say, however, only with the appearance of Susan Okin's new book, *Women in Western Political Thought*, has the "discourse with eternity" that is political philosophy been confronted by a competent political theorist writing from a feminist perspective. Okin has written an engaging, serious, careful, and important work that raises the issues of women and politics in their most elemental and pertinent form. She means to persuade us that current forms of sexual bias cannot be treated as incidental epiphenomena of the Western political tradition that can be neatly excised; for they turn out to be inseparable from the tradition's most vital premises and are thus coterminous with that tradition as represented by four of its most illustrious figures—Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, and John Stuart Mill.

Now it is immediately evident to anyone familiar with the history of political philosophy that women have not fared well in the imagery of the "great thinkers." To Aristotle they were the "monstrous regiment . . . infertile males" who were "deformed" by nature and could hardly be classified as human at all. To Machiavelli they were schemers, harridans, and temptresses to be mastered by force or seduced by audacity. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, torn between the imagery of the pedestal and the snake pit, portrayed women both as "the highest examples of greatness of soul and love of virtue" and as the primary cause of human corruption and social disintegration. Hegel not only condemned them to permanent incarceration in the family and then censured their incapacity for citizenship; he also likened them to "plants." To Nietzsche they were "weak, typically sick, changeable, inconstant," while to Schopenhauer they became the occasion for some of the most inventive blaspheming in the history of philosophy. To put it bluntly, the libelous mythic tradition that created Pandora, Eve, Clytemnestra, and Lilith finds a powerfully disturbing resonance in the very philosophical discipline whose responsibility is to challenge myth and prejudice.

Okin's book is no shallow catalog of Great Misogynist Libels, however. Her project is more ambitious and more telling. Because sexism is central to political theory's defining categories, it cannot simply be read out of the tradition as the anachronistic and irrelevant error of an otherwise exemplary science. It is not just, as she writes, that "the great tradition of political philosophy consists, generally speaking, of writings by men, for men and about men." It is that "the works of our philosophical heritage are to a very great extent built on the assumption of the inequality of the sexes."

Although she does not use these terms or follow precisely this format, the argument offered by Okin suggests there are three premises in Western political thought that link women and politics in intrinsically sexist ways: the premise of familial primacy that links the state to the family; the premise of gender dualism that links the family to sexual differentiation; and the premise of patriarchy that links sexual differentiation to the legal and social disfranchisement of women.

The premise of familial primacy insists that the fundamental social units that compose Western political society have always been families rather than individuals, and that even under putatively individualistic regimes like Anglo-American liberalism this remains the case. Further, the premise holds that the stability and dignity of the polity and the viability of citizenship rest on the integrity of the familial base, in democracies no less than in other regimes.

The premise of gender dualism argues that just as civic stability depends on familial primacy, so familial primacy rests on a sexual division of labor that leads to crucial role differentiation with respect to household and polis, private education and public citizenship, childrearing and work, and personal and civic morals. The result is a basic dualism

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with respect to gender which no doctrine of abstract equality can overcome.

The premise of patriarchy concludes (it is an inference from the first two premises) that familial primacy and gender dualism entail an order of power and political authority that is inevitably patriarchal—with men occupying every position of significant civic and political power in the society.

If this logic is correct (which Okin means to show), then sexism becomes an endemic feature of the Western political system's strength as well as a token of its inherent weakness. Aristotle and Rousseau cannot be written off as mere sexists: they become the perpetrators of a logic which insists on the indispensability of patriarchy to the survival of Western civilization—even at the expense of such cherished values as universal citizenship and liberty. While we can say of Wagner "he may have been anti-Semitic, but he composed flawless operas," we can hardly say of Aristotle "he may have been sexist but he composed flawless political theories," for his sexism, if Okin is correct, fatally damages his political theory.

Now to offer this radical challenge is one thing, to demonstrate it convincingly is another. The success of Okin's argument must be measured by two yardsticks: her scholarly perspicuity in sustaining her indictment of the four representative theorists (Aristotle, Plato, Rousseau, and John Stuart Mill) whom she subjects to detailed textual analysis; and the success of her own theoretic reasoning in penetrating and defeating the three interlocking premises on which political theory's traditional logic are alleged to depend.

This is not the place to comment at length on Okin's textual analyses, but given their centrality in her argument some discussion is required. In general, she seems both more comfortable and more successful with Plato and Rousseau than with Aristotle. Plato's view of women in the *Republic* (where they were put on an equal footing with men as potential Guardians [philosopher-kings]) is so striking, so incompatible with his own more conventional position in the *Laws* (where they are once again mere denizens of the household), that it has been dismissed as satirical or ironic by commentators like Leo Strauss and Allan Bloom. Okin proffers a less esoteric and, from the point of view of her general argument, a more fitting interpretation: Plato simply appreciates the vital link between civic incapacity and the special role of women in the family (household) in the Greek polis. Once grounds for excluding the family from the life of philosopher-kings in the Republic are established (the corrupting character of private property and of blood ties), the rationale for sexual inequality is destroyed and the rational philosopher has no reason not to posit full gender equality. On the other hand, in the *Laws*, where the role of the family is preserved, inequality necessarily survives. In Plato, Okin suggests, the interdependence of familial primacy, gender dualism, and patriarchy are fully exhibited: dispose of the first and, the *Republic* proves, the last will dispose of itself.

In confronting Aristotle, Okin's reasoning is a little murkier. She would like to believe that Aristotle's teleological perspective (which defines all things, animate and inanimate, in terms of their intrinsic purpose or *telos*—that which they *become* over time) can be reduced to mere "functionalism" or instrumentalism. This would permit her to assimilate Aristotle's explicitly misogynist treatment of women as subhuman instruments of male needs to the general logic of his work. But teleology entails that each class of things (women included) has its *own* intrinsic purpose, not that it serves as a tool for the realization of something else's (somebody else's) ends. Thus, while there is little doubt that Aristotle shared the worst of classical culture's animus against women, it is much less clear that his biases found essential support in the body of his philosophy.

Rousseau is perhaps the most intriguing figure in the entire history of political thought, not least because of his profound ambivalence toward women. Like Lawrence, Mailer, and other romantic writers who followed him, Rousseau captured the contemporary soul of women (in *Julie* as well as in his autobiographical writings) in ways deeply affecting to his countless feminine readers. Yet at the same time, his theoretic encapsulation of women's social role careened between jubilant celebrations of their virtue and threnodic denigrations of their waywardness. Woman appears in all of his work as blessing and curse, the individual's consolation, the race's corruptor. Okin is absolutely brilliant in finding her way through these compound ambiguities. She refuses merely to condemn Rousseau and gives full credit to his sensitivity in portraying the dilemmas of the human spirit. Yet she does not permit herself to be lured by his eloquence away from the radical inconsistency that plagued Rousseau as he tried to reconcile his apotheosizing of female domesticity, chastity, and dependence with his commitment to nature, equality, and independence. Indeed, Okin's most devastating indictment of Rousseau charges that he fails precisely "to apply in the case of women . . . (the) types of argument he had used to define the natural man," and that while his "women are even more vulnerable than men to the conflicts of loyalties that he was so much aware of in the human condition," he never gives them any real freedom or choice in facing those conflicts.

The Rousseau chapter is a model of intelligent feminist analysis that fully acknowledges the complexity of issues, the sensitivity of its subject philosopher, and the intransigence of the dilemmas he grappled with. It ought to be perused by every reflective advocate who hopes to undertake scholarly philosophical interpretation without surrendering firmly held ideological convictions.

The second measure of success or failure for Okin's *Women in Western Political Thought* is the theoretical coherence of her own argument about the links among what I have called familial primacy, gender dualism, and patriarchy. Here one wishes that in place of the odd misfit of a chapter on women and the law—(where Okin tries to update her case by introducing an entirely new set of jurisprudential issues from recent American legal practice and show that they too exhibit the "functionalist" bias against women [what else is new?])—she had devoted more space to a discussion of the interlocking premises. For it is here that the pertinence of her historical examination to the political present is to be found. Questions multiply: can the three premises be disentangled? Must familial primacy (which many will cherish) entail patriarchalism (which most will condemn)? Is gender dualism the only viable way to separate private from public roles? Is the shift from familial to individual primacy anything more than a sell-out to psychological atomism and alienation and narcissistic consumerism

Coming:

R. W. B. Lewis on Malcolm Cowley.

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(as Okin herself suggests when she worries that "society is becoming atomized enough, even without the complete denial of the groups in which people live their intimate lives")?

Okin is very clear about the costs of traditional patriarchy and the functionalist subordination of women to men; she is much less clear about the alternatives and *their* costs. Liberation is not without its own costs and can produce alienation or anomie as well as simple freedom. Like so many reformers, Okin seems more attuned to the actual costs exacted by established systems than she is to the possible costs that may attend alternate systems. In Rousseau's ideal egalitarian society, she argues, "one cannot achieve both the great intensity of civic life and the wholly private realm of family life without dichotomizing the spheres of operation of the sexes. Something has to give way. . . ." But exactly what? Modern divorces accommodate both women and men more fully, but what happens to children? Something has to give. The modern American economy admits more middle-class women to full employment than it once did, but what happens to the racial minorities forced out of the labor market by this expanding labor supply? Something has to give. "Persons" of both sexes are legal equals, wives and husbands are not; but persons are also deracinated legal fictions without compelling identities of the kind given by family or ethnic relationships. The trade-off has costs either way. Something has to give. Okin is persuaded "that the structure of the family and the distribution of roles and responsibilities within it must be significantly altered in any theory in which women are to be equal human beings and equal participants in the public realm." How? And at what cost? The entire Western political tradition, as she herself has demonstrated, argues that the conventional structure and distribution of roles is necessary, not contingent, a crucial (even if, from the modern point of view, tragic) foundation for the stability and continuity of society. To be sure, that tradition is fallible and cries out to be modified so that its egalitarian aspirations and its patriarchal practice can be sorted out and treated within the setting of a single coherent theory. But Okin has neither managed to show us what such a theory might look like nor even made a convincing case that there is such a theory—that there *are* alternatives to familial primacy and patriarchy that do not entail the radical abolition of the family altogether (as in Plato's *Republic*).

Women in Western Political Thought is, then, a discerning, subtle, sometimes even brilliant critical study of the infelicitous sexism that afflicts our political tradition at its philosophical core. It does not offer an alternate theory or provide a justification for the apparent choices (for liberty and equality in the abstract) that Okin already has made; but these, while important, are hardly overriding defects in a pioneering book with so many virtues.

Benjamin R. Barber

Benjamin R. Barber is professor of political philosophy at Rutgers University and author of *Liberating Feminism* (Delta).

Brief Review

Not Working: An Oral History of the Unemployed by Harry Maurer

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $12.95)

Oral histories tend to fail in one of two ways. Either the individuals interviewed are turned into stereotypes, their voices forced to fit the procrustean bed of some author's argument. Or they remain so personal, so grounded in the unique conditions of particular lives that they are unable to speak to broader issues and concerns. In between these extremes is a narrow space where the particular opens into the general and, in turn, is transformed by it. This is the space where successful oral history fits.

The measure of Harry Maurer's success in *Not Working* is the tension he maintains between unemployment as a personal experience and unemployment as a social fact. The private drama arises from the responses of the nearly 60 individuals interviewed here to being out of work: they blame themselves, feel guilty and humiliated, "instinctively link work with merit [and] view a job as a privilege that only the worthy may enjoy." But the social portrait that comes through these individual voices is of a society in which some kind of unemployment is increasingly common. These men and women are not exclusively poor, ethnic minorities, unskilled workers. They are engineers, book editors, well educated, thoroughly middle class. With rare exceptions, they pay the emotional price of living in a society that celebrates work and accomplishment even as it makes such values progressively more difficult to achieve.

Of course Maurer is not telling us anything new. Social observers have been aware of this peculiarly American cultural trap at least since E. Wight Bakke's classic studies of the unemployed in the 1930s. The originality of *Not Working* comes from those few voices—simultaneously the most engaging and the most difficult—that have found alternatives to traditional guilt. One response is to reject the work ethic and all that it stands for in American society. Those who choose this path seem to welcome unemployment. A laid-off (and laid-back) engineer in California's Silicon Valley learns "not only to survive but adapt to the lack of a job and a new way of life." A 24-year-old child of the suburbs admits, "the fact is, . . . I hate working. . . . I'm a lot happier when I'm not working. . . ." But if giving up on the idea of work does resolve the guilt, it is less triumph than surrender. It simply feeds the social and economic trends that are trivializing work and making unemployment a permanent fact in our society.

Far more appealing are those who both refuse to blame themselves and continue to insist on the right not merely to any job but to one with dignity and meaning. "I don't have any prejudices about being unemployed," says a refugee from Pinochet's Chile. "That's just one more thing they've put in your mind to make you think what they want." "I liked the job I had there," says a southern worker, explaining why he fights his dismissal for union activities. "And if I go back, I'll be going back a winner. I'll feel like I won the battle; I stuck it out."

Maurer is clearly sympathetic with the political response. But at this point, *Not Working* comes up against the limits of the oral history format. The complicated questions about culture and politics raised by these voices cannot be answered by them. Why do certain individuals respond politically while most do not? What cultural resources do they possess that others lack? How is it possible to maintain a commitment to meaningful work in an economic system that allows less and less space for it? These voices are memorable most of all for the questions they provoke.

Robert Howard

Robert Howard is a Washington writer.

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Correspondence, *from page 3*

shift of meaning is more drastic and suspect than Robinson indicates. "Hopefully," as currently used, does not mean "I hope" or "we hope" or "they hope" but "it is to be hoped." The agent of the implied verb has been removed, allowing the speaker to express vaguely optimistic sentiment without any personal commitment or responsibility whatever. I suggest that this explains the popularity of the usage in modern America. We like sentiments to "float." We prefer to speak as members of a group or institution.

David Gordon
New York, New York

Non-Marxist Labour

To the editors:

Ferdinand Mount ("The Division of Labour," *TNR*, January 26, 1980) first identifies a small Marxist fringe on the Labour left, then proceeds to call the whole left wing of the party "Marxist." It is important for American readers to understand that the struggle in the Labour party is between democratic socialists—who really do wish to see a socialist Britain—and social democrats—who do not. Insignificant groups within the socialist left call themselves Marxist, but even these "Marxists" are, on the whole, self-professed friends of the forms and procedures of parliamentary, liberal democracy.

Jeffrey Cox
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Ration gas, not soldiers

To the editors:

President Carter calls for draft registration to "show our national resolve," and Congress applauds wildly. Senator Kennedy suggests immediate gasoline rationing because, he says, "every American would prefer to sacrifice a little gasoline than shed American blood to defend OPEC pipelines," and Morton Kondracke accuses him of demagoguery (Politics: "Kennedy, Take Two," *TNR*, February 9, 1980).

"Only by letting the Soviets know that we are willing to shed blood, if necessary, can we deter them from pushing aggression to the point where we will have to shed blood indeed," Kondracke flatly asserts. Kondracke forgets one important fact: deterrence is a matter of capability as well as resolve. The willingness of an enemy to shed blood means little if that is all the enemy can do.

Kennedy's policy prescription reflects an analysis of the Soviet invasion which differs markedly from Carter's. Kondracke attacks Kennedy for not offering an assessment of Soviet intentions in Afghanistan, what he calls "the most critical question of foreign policy." While President Carter seems to assume that the Soviets are intent on capturing the Persian Gulf oil fields, he presents no convincing evidence that this is the case. Of course, there is no conclusive evidence to the contrary, either. The point is that assessing Soviet intentions is difficult, if not impossible, and assuming the worst can lead to disastrous results, as in the cold war, when we mistakenly assumed that the Soviet Union sought world domination.

It may be that the Soviets currently have no further military designs in the Middle East, but the very presence of 80,000 Soviet troops a few hundred miles from the Straits of Hormuz poses a serious strategic threat to US interests. Actually, however, it is unclear that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in itself has altered the military balance in the Persian Gulf.

Senator Kennedy correctly perceives that the strategic threat to our vital interests in the Gulf is long-term and results from our continued dependence on OPEC oil. Kennedy offers gasoline rationing as an effective and prudent response to the actual threat faced by the US. This is more than "a hodgepodge of bashes at President Carter," as Kondracke would have it. It strikes at the core of the Carter policy of responding to cold war phantoms with overblown rhetoric and symbolic militarism.

Richard Brunell
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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During the last decade or so, the national press has developed a cloying habit of harking back to the 1960s every time students or aging dissidents take to the streets or the campus green over some grievance. The 1960s have returned on a number of occasions since the 1960s. Most recently, the children of the 1970s have waged a war of high militancy against nuclear power. On each occasion you could count on journalists to draw parallels to the 1960s and the sustained protests over the Vietnam war. After all, civilly disobedient hijinks were invented in the 1960s, weren't they? The trouble is, the 1970s *weren't* the 1960s, and the 1980s aren't either. The nostalgia felt by comfortable doctors, lawyers, rising executives—and, yes, even journalists—for their days of rage ought to be outlawed as dotty and irrelevant. This seems particularly pressing now, as we enter another stage of debating that sticky question that not even Richard Nixon could do away with entirely: the draft.

I have an indelible image of the first day I set foot in Washington in October 1967: the flickering of scores of tiny flames as draft cards went up in smoke at dusk on the east porch of the Pentagon. It was an impressive sight and I felt the profound sense of quiet solidarity that so many have written about since. But there was another side to the anti-draft phenomenon that was harder to see then, and is rarely acknowledged now by the merchants of nostalgia. The draft became for a generation of Americans a practical, personalized issue analogous to the fixation on material comfort that drove the politics of an older generation. Nothing contributed more to the deterioration of principled opposition to American involvement in Southeast Asia than the draft issue as it became the centerpiece of the anti-war protest. Hundreds of thousands (not all, mind you) held to no higher ground than the desire to save their skin. At the emotional center of the hastily patched together popular ideology that many substituted in those days for real thought was the doctrine of Necessary Evils. An anti-war activist named Tom Jarrell put it memorably: our problems, he wrote, come from having been "granted the benefits of this grand country" and the "unofficial but damn-well universal Protestant Ethic, which includes the sacrifice-for-future-comfort notion and has as its bastard corollary the semi-fatalist, quasi-pragmatic doctrine of Necessary Evils." The most malignant institutional example of an allegedly necessary evil was, of course, the draft. Jarrell minced no words taking his view further. The US was, he wrote, because of forced conscription, "a country that does not deserve to survive." There was much equivocating in those days about courage, about putting yourself "on the line"; moral courage meant refusing to put yourself in a situation that would compromise your personal freedom.

During the early stages of anti-war protest, the *Harvard Crimson* criticized the draft as being "highly discriminatory, favoring the well-off." A few years later, a *Crimson* editor noticed the deterioration: "The altruism was forgotten. What was most important was saving your own skin. . . . Students who had been unmoved by the questionable morality of the Vietnam war were stung into activism by the draft." The real question became, "How much indignity is a person willing to undergo to avoid Canada, the draft, or jail?" Trying to construct any further justification was mere idleness. Then there was the kid who drifted down to the local bar after receiving his draft notice. "There was a guy there just back from Vietnam," he later told a journalist. "Two wooden arms, two wooden legs, and no disability payments. 'What's in it for me?' I said to myself and caught the next bus for Canada." The 1960s were an oppressive, unfree time, and one wonders in retrospect whether the contortions it took to deny necessary evil weren't just as much to blame as the necessary evils themselves.

About 36 hours after my most recent arrival in Washington to work here at *TNR*, I parked my car on a side street near the office, rushed in to telephone a sufficient number of real estate agents to assure a productive afternoon's apartment hunting, and emerged approximately 36 minutes later—to find that my car had vanished. My first instinct, being new around here, was to walk up another block and see if it wasn't on *that* corner. It wasn't, and after spending an incredulous minute or two surveying the hole in space where the damn thing should have been, it began to sink in. Somebody had *stolen* my car. I based this erroneous assumption on the belief that the local constabulary couldn't possibly be mean-spirited enough to haul away a car on a violation that amounted to the moral equivalent of letting the time on a parking meter expire. (I had parked a trifle close to the stop sign.) It was not during rush hour; the car was not blocking the drive to the Pakistani embassy; nor am I wanted for any punishable crimes. Had this happened to me in Boston, where I have been shoring up Mayor Kevin White's regime for years by annually contributing a small fortune in parking fines, I simply would have assumed myself guilty, kissed off the next two hours, prayed briefly that I had enough money in the bank to pay the accumulated freight, and dutifully set off on the well-worn path to the Municipal Courthouse. This time the usual epiphany of guilt short-circuited; I hadn't been in Washington long enough to rack up even *one* ticket. Wrong again, it turned out. The computer at 601 Indiana Avenue regurgitated the damage: five-dollar parking ticket, $50 tow charge. Talk about a punishment ill befitting the crime. But my personal travail diminished at the scene of collective trauma under way at the Georgetown tow yard. While the Soviets were landing transports at 10-minute intervals in Kabul, District of Columbia tow trucks were rumbling down the K Street ramp at 30-second intervals, their quarry slung behind. I counted. Those boys were *motivated*. In what remained of the afternoon, I took the first apartment I saw and paid through the nose for off-street parking.

The lesson to out-of-state sightseers and uninitiated editors: one false move and you're a goner in Washington. This may explain to sharp-eyed readers the mysterious omission of the new managing editor from *TNR*'s masthead last week. The briefest editorial stint in the magazine's history? Well, I'm here to tell you it ain't so; he's alive and well and going blind trying to get used to serial commas. Those of sanguine disposition lay blame for last week's calumny on forgivable oversight during the press deadlines. Others around here believe Stephen Chapman is behind the disappearance. Chapman, after all, in a moment of high dudgeon unseen in these parts since Abbie Hoffman took out after Amerika, only recently used this space to slander editors in general as "malicious parasites . . . blather." Chilling. With such powers, it's surely a small step to make a managing editor vanish altogether.

R.H.

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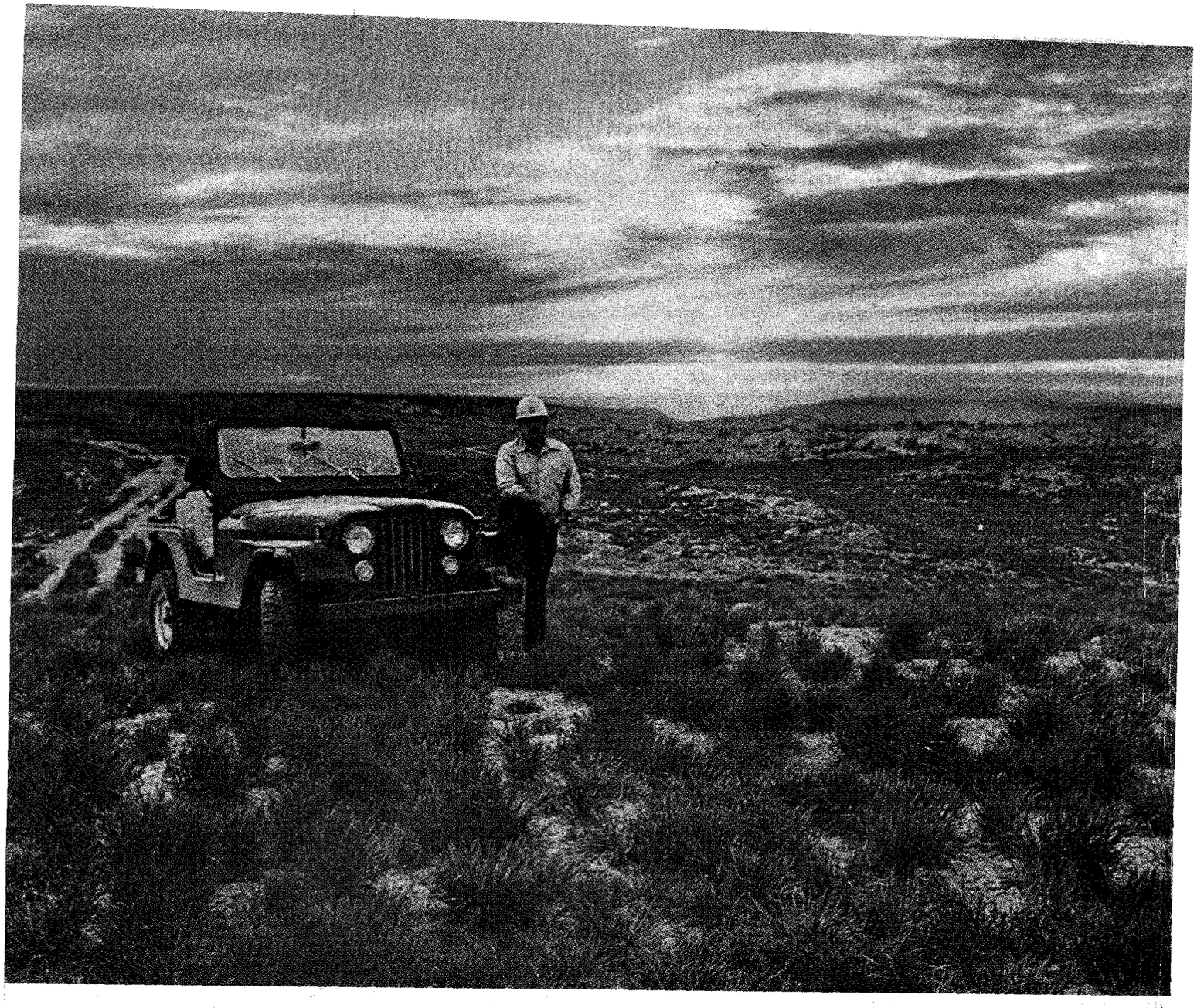

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